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Sport, Pastimes & Travel.

The BYSTANDER

Art Literature & the Drama.

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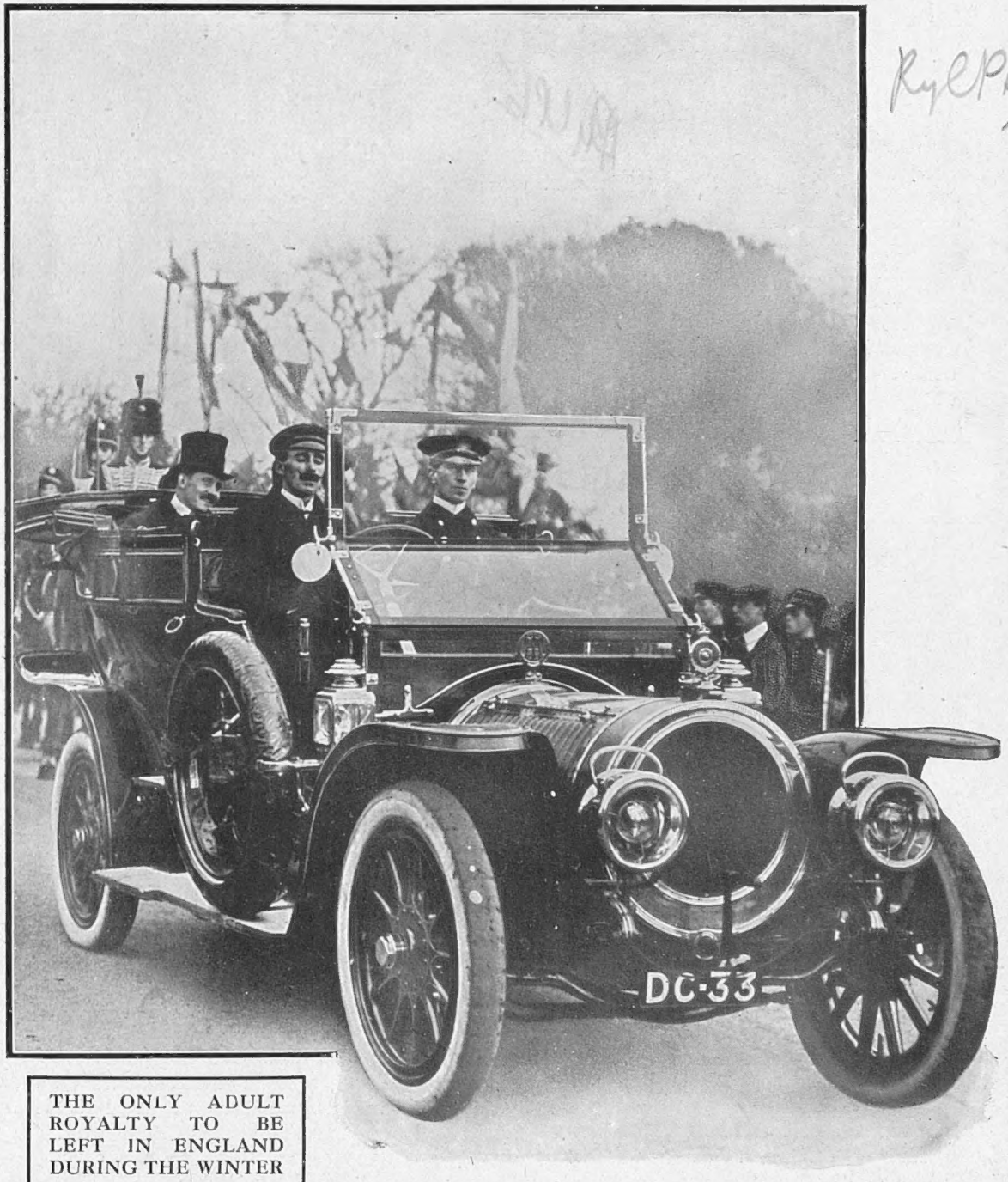


THE ONLY ADULT ROYALTY TO BE LEFT IN ENGLAND DURING THE WINTER

With their Majesties the King and Queen at the Delhi Durbar, and the Duke and Duchess of Connaught in Canada, H.R.H. Prince Arthur (seen above, on a Delaunay-Belleville car, at the opening of the Tees transporter bridge) will be the sole adult Royalty in the kingdom at a time when matters of the greatest diplomatic moment may have to be settled. Should an international complication arise, Sir Edward Grey's nearest adviser of Royal blood will be this Prince of twenty-eight years

BYSTANDER COMMENTS

ON VARIOUS TOPICS

OF THE TIMES

"The World's mine oyster Which I with PEN will open."
—Pistol (*modified*)

An Apology

PRECISELY as forecasted in last week's Bystander, the railway report has been "coloured favourably to the men." It has, however, to continue quoting ourselves, "struck a deadly blow at the 'right to strike.'" I must again apologise for a rectitude in prophecy which may, unless carefully checked, become unctuous.

***

Fatuous Fleet Street

IT is difficult to know where we have been really wrong lately in momentous affairs. Even our defence, from the first stage of the Tripoli affair, of the Italians, has proved painfully accurate. It is as clear as daylight that it was madness to attack a Christian Power engaged in the work of civilisation, especially as the said Power will be exceedingly useful to us in the coming struggle for our Imperial existence. Do the Press Pecksniffs not see that Italy's policy is directly opposed to that of Austria, and that, owing to this fact, the Triple Alliance ceases to exist? Not only will two of its members not work together in the event of an Anglo-German war, but they will work against each other. England and Germany, therefore, face each other alone, and France and Russia—our friends—hold the balance of power. Letters I receive daily from Italy reveal the intense disgust and amazement with which the Italians view the conduct of our Press, which seems, in foreign affairs, to commit blunder after blunder.

***

Birrell or Winston?

THAT Mr. Birrell has birrelled to the world the secret of next year's Home Rule Bill makes it fairly obvious that he is to be the man to introduce it. It was hardly likely that, after his successive failures, he should abdicate to Mr. Churchill the one chance of making his name historic. That the latter *wishes* to be Ireland's hero everybody knows. But it does not follow that the Cabinet acts as godfather to all the illegitimate thoughts to which Winston's wish is father. Had Mr. Asquith intended Mr. Churchill to be Irish Secretary he would have given him the post the previous time he asked for it instead of sending him to that grave of reputations, the Home Office.

***

Prince Arthur's Responsibility

OUR photograph on this, and on the frontispiece page, draws attention to the interesting fact that Prince Arthur of Connaught will, during this probably fateful winter, be the only adult male of Royal rank left in the country. With the King in India, and the Duke of Connaught in Canada, a grave responsibility will rest on the amiable young Prince, who has not even a wife to help him at the bazaars and foundation-stone layings into which he will be positively hustled. Political circles continue rather to shake their heads at the prospective absence of the two senior Royalties. I hope the winter will see us free from trouble at home, but . . . did things ever look blacker anywhere?

"I suppose, with the King and my father abroad, I shall get all this sort of thing to do this winter"

(H.R.H. Prince Arthur of Connaught last week planted a tree at the Albert Park, Middlesbrough)

***

Yes or No?

IT is alleged, in China telegrams, that Yuan-Shih-Kai has declined, after all, to take up the generalship of the forces of his Imperial master because of foot trouble. This cannot possibly be the case, as a most esteemed illustrated weekly has a frontispiece drawing which shows him striding forth from his exile with his orders in his hand, and stern determination in his eye.

***

What the Aero Can Do

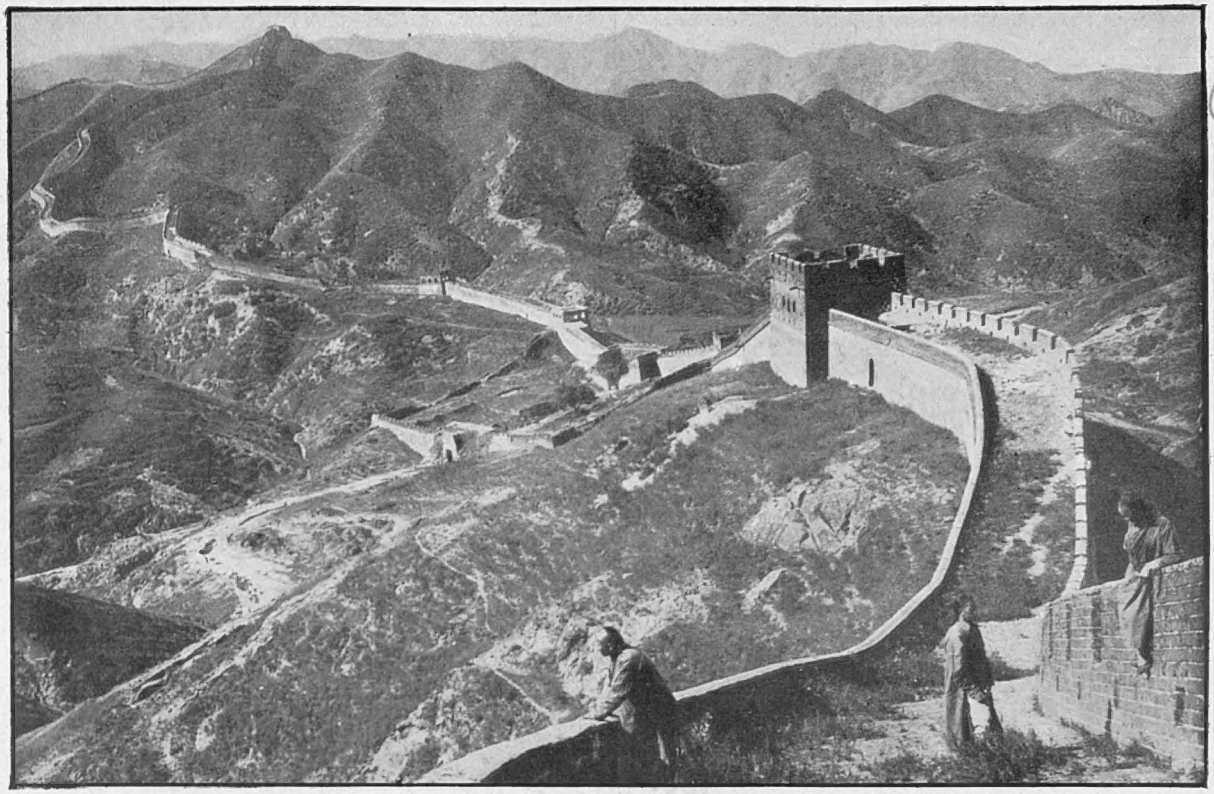
IN ordinary circumstances, the wedding of the heir to an Imperial and apostolic throne would not be of sufficient interest as a news item. The fact, however, that one of the wedding-presents to the Archduke Karl of Austria was conveyed by aeroplane got Saturday's Vienna ceremony a whole inch in Monday's *Daily Mail*.

***

The "Mail" Has Spoken

AT last the silence as to British policy towards Turkey has been authoritatively broken. Mr. Ward Price, the *Daily Mail's* special correspondent in Constantinople, has definitely

What is Happening in China?



Photograph H. G. Ponting, F.R.G.S.

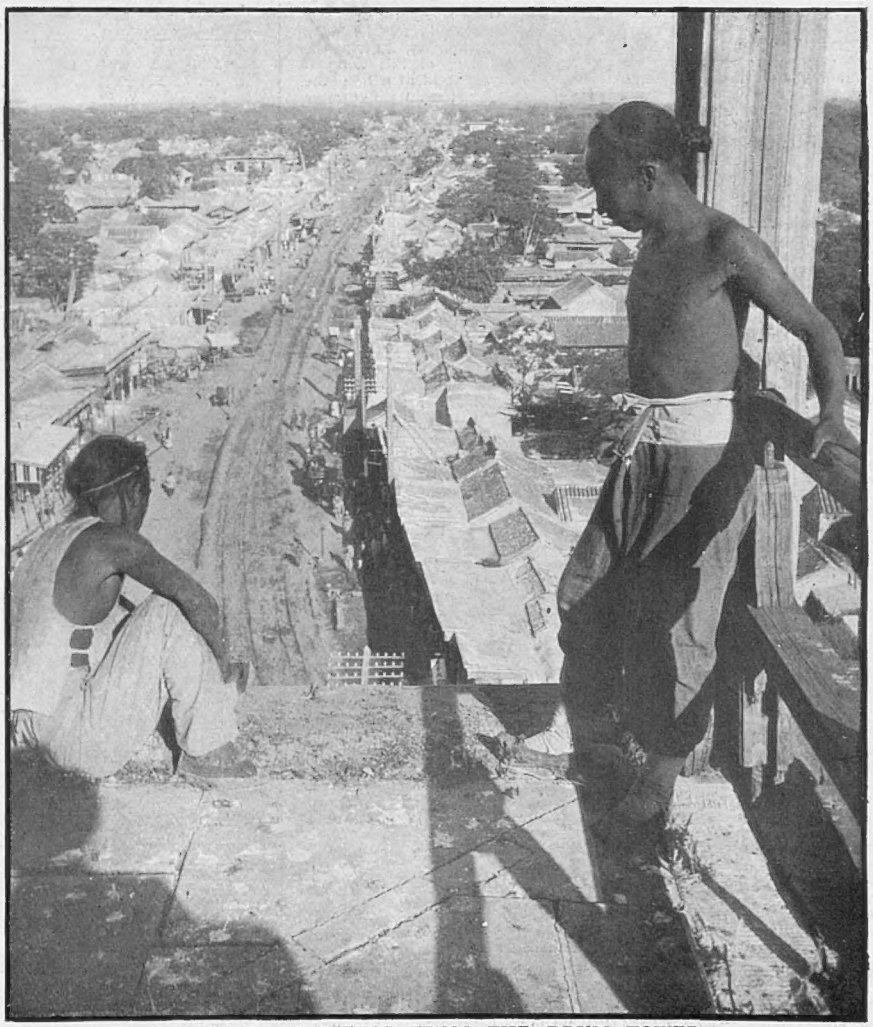
THE GREAT WALL AT NANKOW PASS

The wall, which may at any moment become topical, was built 214 B.C. It is 1,255 miles long, and between 15 and 30 feet high

declared, in a speech at a banquet, that the time has come for a *rapprochement* between the two countries.

***

ADMIRAL DEWEY has, I see from the *Daily Chronicle*, explained his mysterious disappearance for a whole night from Cleveland. He said he had met an old sailor friend who once saved his life, and that they spent the whole night in a dug-out on the lake exchanging stories of their youth. I understand that the marines, for whom the explanation was doubtless intended, are quite satisfied. An admiral who could spin such a yarn as this could make anybody sit up all night.



A PEEP AT PEKING FROM THE DRUM TOWER

At present, the city is free—thanks to the clemency of the London Press—from such scenes of outrage and rapine as were reported during the Boxer rebellion

ENTERTAINMENTS.

EMPIRE. "NEW YORK" Ballet, LYDIA KYASHT, etc., GEORGE ROBEY, IVY ST. HELIER, MR. HYMACK, VALAZZI, PAUL GORDEN, etc. EVENINGS at 8. Manager, ARTHUR ALDIN.

DALY'S THEATRE, Every Evening, at 8.15. MR. GEORGE EDWARDES' New Musical Production, "THE COUNT OF LUXEMBOURG." English libretto by BASIL HOOD. Music by FRANZ LEHAR. MATINÉE, SATURDAY, at 2.15.

GAIETY THEATRE. Manager, Mr. GEORGE EDWARDES. Every Evening, at 8. Mr. GEORGE EDWARDES' New Musical Production, "PEGGY." By GEORGE GROSSMITH Jun. Music by LESLIE STUART. MATINÉE, EVERY SATURDAY, at 2

PRINCE OF WALES'. Every Evening, at 9. MR. CHARLES HAWTREY'S Production, "THE GREAT NAME." At 8.15, "A Sentimental Cuss." Matinée, Weds. and Sats., at 3.

WYNDHAM'S. GERALD du MAURIER and Company, in a New Comedy in Four Acts entitled "THE PERPLEXED HUSBAND." By ALFRED SUTRO. Every Evening at 8.30. Matinée, Weds. and Sats., at 2.30.

COLISEUM, CHARING CROSS. Twice Daily, 2.30 and 8. Mme. SARAH BERNHARDT, FRIEDRICH FREKSÁ "RIALON," BESSIE CLAYTON, WILL EVANS, and Star Co. 6*d.* to 7*s.* 6*d.* 7541 Gerrard.

LONDON HIPPODROME. Daily, 2 and 8. FELICIA in "DANSE D'UNE FOLLE," SCHWARTZ BROTHERS, NANCY PRICE and EDMUND GWENN in "SOME SHOWERS." and Star Co. 1*s.* to £4 4*s.* 650 Gerrard.

CHILDREN'S DELIGHT.—De La Rue's 1/- Card Game, "Golliwog." Buy it to-day. International Card Co. (Dept. D.), 96/98, Leadenhall Street, E.C.

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SPECIAL FEATURES OF THIS WEEK'S ISSUE!

THE SORT OF WAR IN TRIPOLI: Special Series of Pictures, pages 171—175

THE BRITISH DRAMA ON THE SICK-LIST, page 180

MUST BALFOUR GO? pages 183—186

POLITICAL CARTOON, "The Need For More Bloodshed," pages 184, 185

SHORT STORY: "Excepting Mrs. Pentherby." By "Saki." pages 192—194

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At Court and in Society

Royalty

"THE King again at Newmarket" has a quite Edwardian flavour, has it not? But it doesn't mean the same thing at all as it did in the last reign, for His Majesty's interest in the Sport of Kings is as water unto wine compared with that of his father. An apparent, even though perfunctory, interest in the chief pre-occupation of the richest class is, however, one of the paramount duties of Royalty, and not the least of the lessons that form part of the *education du prince*.

Qui Vivra Verra

Or, at least, I suppose so; but more every day I wonder whether the King really will go to India after all. The preparations certainly go on apace, but unrest positively stalks through Europe, and Asia too, while, unless the Turco-Italian trouble is by then a thing of the past, surely the Royal passage through the Mediterranean will not be without its risks? Floating submarine mines are tricky things, and so is the warlike habit of running without lights.

At Home

At home, too, there are numbers of little matters on hand which might conceivably require His Majesty's attention. When militarism is abroad people are apt rather to forget the home situation. But what with the Halsburyites, and the B.M.G.'s, *and* Mr. Lloyd George with his Insurance Bill, it will be a strange thing if we do not find ourselves enjoying, at any rate, not *too* unexciting a winter.

PROTECTING BRITISH INTERESTS IN TURKEY

Lady Lowther, the beautiful American wife of his Excellency the British Ambassador in Constantinople, Sir Gerard Lowther, K.C.M.G. She is the daughter of Mr. Atherton Blight, of Philadelphia, U.S.A., and has three daughters

Guardians of the Peace

The Prime Minister, the Lord Chancellor (Lord Loreburn), and the Lord President of the Council (Lord Morley) are the commissioners who will probably be appointed to transact the business of the nation during the King's absence in India, the Prince of Wales being still a minor, and there being no other Royalties in England who trouble themselves over matters of State import. In mediæval days the Royal prerogatives would, I suppose, have been transferred to the Queen-Mother during the Royal absence. But that was before Magna Charta.

In India

By the way, those in need of a quiet, cold season would be advised to go elsewhere than to India in search thereof, for both at Delhi and Calcutta life's to be taken prestissimo this winter. It was the late Mrs. Craigie who, writing from the Viceroy's Camp during the last Durbar, at which she was the guest of the American Lady Curzon, complained: "Banquets, balls, dinners, parties go on all the time; from 7 a.m. till 1 and 2 a.m.. the rush and excitement never ceases, and I find so much talking and gadding very exhausting. Tent-life is practically a life in the open fields—there are no doors, but each tent has four entrances by means of a mere chick or blind. It is extremely free, easy, and disagreeable."

Drugged Elephants

The King and Queen have, I believe, decided not to ride on elephants in the procession, owing to the somewhat unpleasant effects of the motion. But a great many of these pleasing beasts will, of course, be used, and it is not uninteresting to note that for all State processions in India the elephants are painted, and made-up with red and orange cheeks, flowered trunks, and eyes painted in circles. On these occasions, too, they are always drugged.

The Stars and the Crescent

With these troublous times in the Near East, and Turkey playing the part of Reynard to all Europe (see last week's BYSTANDER), the task of His Majesty's Ambassador is a particularly heavy one, and the American bride of Sir Gerard Lowther must feel that the life of a European diplomatist's wife is not all brilliant "beer and skittles." Lady Lowther (of whom we publish a new portrait) was a Miss Blight (one of those awkward names that American millions gild to smoothness), and married Sir Gerard six years ago.

Shooting at Rufford

Shooting, of course, is *the* sport of the moment, and with partridges "very plentiful and strong on the wing" (*vide* official reports), even op-op-opera, as Wilkie Bard has it, and other attractions of Town are

powerless to deplete the country houses. Among those who have been entertaining parties are Lord and Lady Savile, whose shoot at Rufford Abbey has received the hall-mark of Royal approval. The Abbey itself is one of the most historic houses not only in Notts, but in all England—it dates back to William the Conqueror, and still has the long oak table where twelfth-century Cistercian monks, no doubt, told *their* (cross-bow) shooting yarns over the walnuts and wine.

Photograph Sport and General
Viscount Iveagh
At Lord Savile's shooting party at Rufford Abbey last week

Armchair Sport

Among the Rufford guests was Lord Iveagh, who will probably entertain the King at Elveden before His Majesty goes to India. Lord Iveagh's Suffolk shooting is said to be the finest in England, and is conducted with almost oppressive luxury and up-to-dateness, with telephones between the coverts and all the rest of it. Personally, I prefer to leave just a little to nature and chance. As the hall was built by a Maharajah after the model of a Hindu palace, His Majesty will have there quite a foretaste of Durbar magnificence.

Photograph Sport and General
Left to right: Lord Savile, Earl of Chesterfield, and Earl Howe
Off to take up positions for a new drive

Shooting at Stratton Park

Another partridge party has been that of Lord and Lady Northbrook at Stratton, an old Abbey property which was one of Henry VIII.'s cheap gifts to his men of the moment, and which passed into the hands of the Barings about a century ago. The guests at Stratton have included Lord and Lady Granard, Lord and Lady Stradbroke, Lord Montagu of Beaulieu, and Mr. and Mrs. Alfred James.

Photo Topical
The Earl and Countess of Northbrook
At the former's partridge shoot last week at Stratton, Micheldever, Hants

To Err is—etc.

Owing to a confusion, caused by an omission of the artist to append the correct description, we published last week a portrait, which was not, as stated, that of Lady Portarlington. The actual sketch of her ladyship from life (by Miss Olive Snell) will appear in our next issue. I express my regret to Lady Portarlington for the error and for any annoyance it may have caused her.

"Carbine" on the Cambridgeshire

Our racing contributor writes: The Cambridgeshire is one of the most open affairs of the present season. No two judges of form seem to be agreed as to the prospects of the race, and up to last week-end nothing seemed to be solidly fancied by those who profess to have "inner knowledge." Doubtless there will be some interesting eleventh-hour changes in the betting, but happen what may the horses I expect to run most prominently are Trepida, Mercutio, Mustapha, and Mahsud. The first-named looks well in the race in spite of her penalty, and, all things considered, it seems sound policy to predict the success of **Trepida**, taking Mercutio and Mustapha as the next best. On Thursday I shall look to **Sweeper II.** to win the Dewhurst Plate, and **Kempion** the Richmond Nursery. **Willonyx** should not have much difficulty in adding the Jockey Club Cup to his list of brilliant successes. The Queensberry Handicap on Friday may go to **Great Surprise**, and those who visit Alexandra Park at the end of the week may find a winner in **Queer Fish** in the October Nursery.

Our Motor Supplement

The next issue of THE BYSTANDER will hold a special Motor Show Supplement, fully illustrated and specially written, and dealing in advance with the most important exhibits to be staged at Olympia. The ordinary features of the paper will not, of course, be interfered with, the Motor Supplement being an additional and distinct publication.

The Camera in Sporting Society

Photograph *Sport and General*

LADY DE TRAFFORD AND MISS VIOLET DE TRAFFORD

Lady De Trafford is the wife of that sporting baronet, Sir Humphrey, and daughter of the late Captain Franklin, of the 77th Regiment. Miss Violet de Trafford, named after her mother, is the only girl in a family of four. Our photograph was taken during the grouse shooting by Mr. Bradley Martin's party on the Home Moors, Ben Lort, N.B.

MR. BRADLEY MARTIN IN HIS BUTT

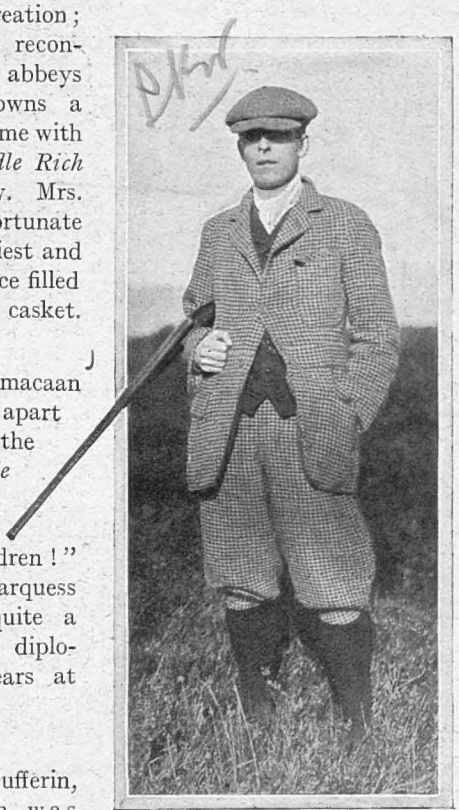
This wealthy American has been entertaining a party at Balmacaan for the grouse shooting. This photograph was taken on the Home Moors at Ben Loit

The "Idle Rich"

Mr. Bradley Martin, whose bachelor party at Balmacaan last week was one of the last of the Scottish season, is one of the many wealthy Americans who find their native land a good enough place to make money in, but not quite up to standard when it comes to the spending. And of his numerous class the tenant of Balmacaan is a model. His only child is married to an earl of Stuart creation; his dollars have wonderfully reconstructed one of the finest old abbeys in the country; and he owns a brother who has challenged fame with a book, *The Passing of the Idle Rich*—by one who ought to know. Mrs. Bradley Martin is the fortunate possessor of some of the costliest and loveliest of the trinkets that once filled poor Marie Antoinette's jewel casket.

An American Husband

Lord Dufferin, one of the Balmacaan "bachelors," belongs to a class apart too, a class that goes to the States for its wives and has, *vide* that charming authority on things-as-they-often-aren't, Mrs. Elinor Glyn—"such children!" In addition, however, the Marquess of Dufferin and Ava is quite a good shot, has been in diplomacy, and was for some years at the Foreign Office.



Photographs Sport and General

THE MARQUESS OF DUFFERIN AND AVA

A guest of Mr. Bradley Martin's last week at Balmacaan. He is rightly regarded as a very fine shot

Caruso at a Concert

His American wife, Lady Dufferin, has a soprano voice which was "finished" in Paris, and made a provisionally professional début about a year ago under the auspices of its owner's friend, Madame Donalda, at whose concerts the Marchioness may generally be espied. By the way, I understand we all got off so early at the last Donalda concert simply because the *prima donna* had fixed to take tea with her husband at five. But it was something of a hustle, and gave Signor Caruso, who, armed against boredom with a book (from which he read aloud extracts from time to time), arrived very late—a really very short afternoon.

Of Ancient Lineage

Though now, after something like a thousand years of spending rather than making money, slightly reduced, from a sordid commercial point of view, is the head of that old Catholic family, the de Traffords, whose still pretty wife and charming daughter are pictured on the preceding page. Lady de Trafford is a soldier's daughter and a great racegoer, and when first married played *châtelaine* at Trafford Park, the ancestral home of the family, which her husband, Sir Humphrey de Trafford, has since sold to Mr. Hooley for £360,000 cash down.

The Pen in Mayfair

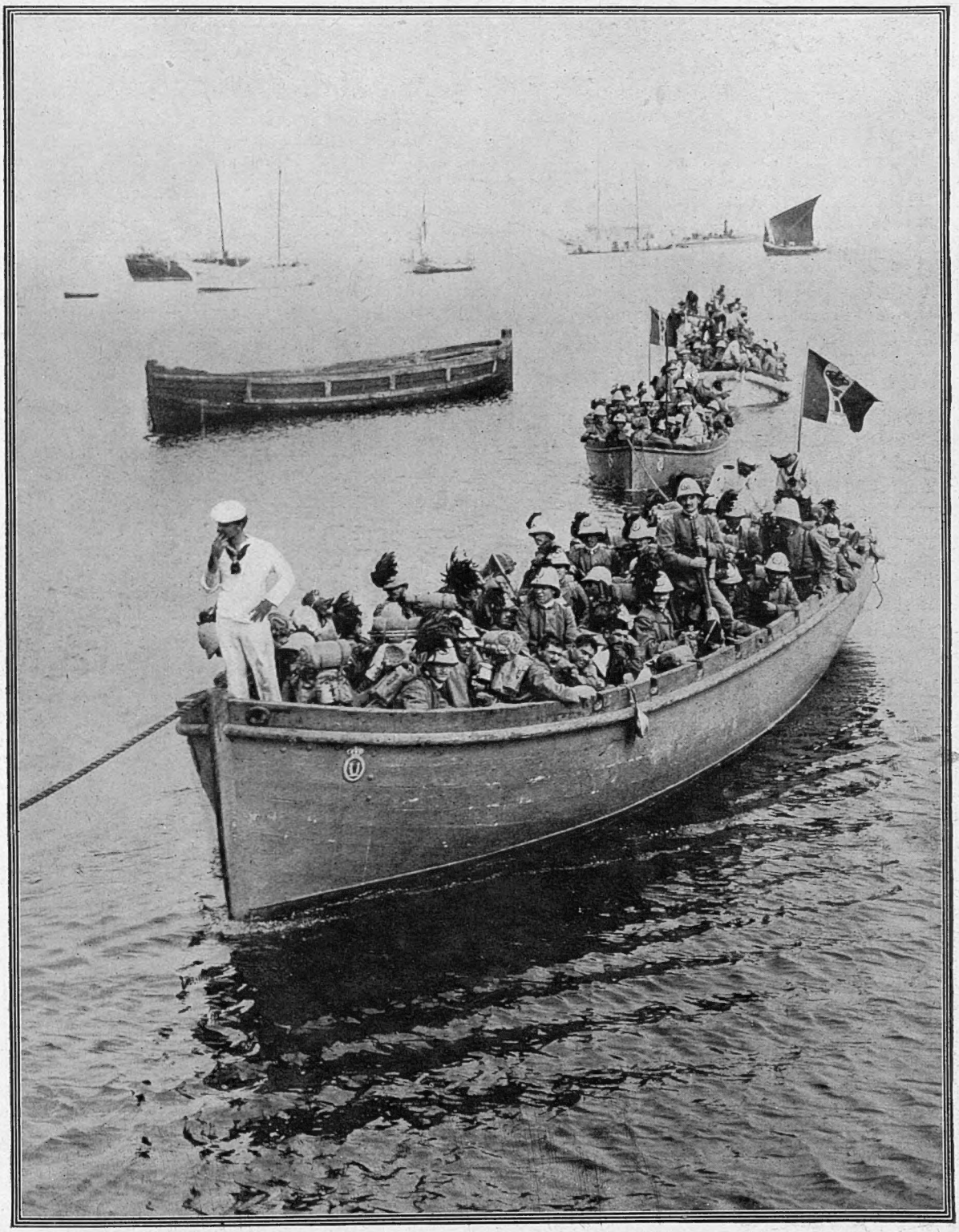
Her insatiable, her positively demoniacal nervous energy is, I suppose, the salient characteristic of the Society woman of the day. Once, such cults as Man, Clothes, Cards, Dogs, even Babies, sufficed to content her. Now, even with sport to help her out, these are insufficient, and as a duck to water she has "taken to" that driving of a pen which, not so very long ago, would have been considered an occupation fit only for the middle-class woman.

Society Authoresses

Lady Angela Forbes and Mrs. Elinor Glyn are the two "Society" novelists of the week. The last-named lady's outpourings about dukes and things have long satisfied Suburbia's passionate yearnings. Even she, however, has failed to reach the heights from which she could announce, as could Lady Angela Forbes about her last book—viz., that it had been "banned by four of the leading circulating libraries." Lady Angela Forbes, a sister of the Duchess of Sutherland and Lady Warwick, is, of course, very much "of the moment." She is the owner of a West End shop, rides, shoots, plays bridge, and buys all her "things" in Paris.

THE SORT OF WAR IN TRIPOLI

HISTORICAL PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE FIRST SERIOUS ATTEMPT AT ITALIAN EXPANSION



ENTER THE ARMY OF OCCUPATION IN SMALL BOATS

Bersaglieri, the Riflemen and Sharpshooters of the Italian Army, landing at Tripoli

APPROACHING TRIPOLI: A PICTURESQUE PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN FROM STEAMER "FELIX TONACHE"

THE EVENTUAL ISSUES OF THE WAR

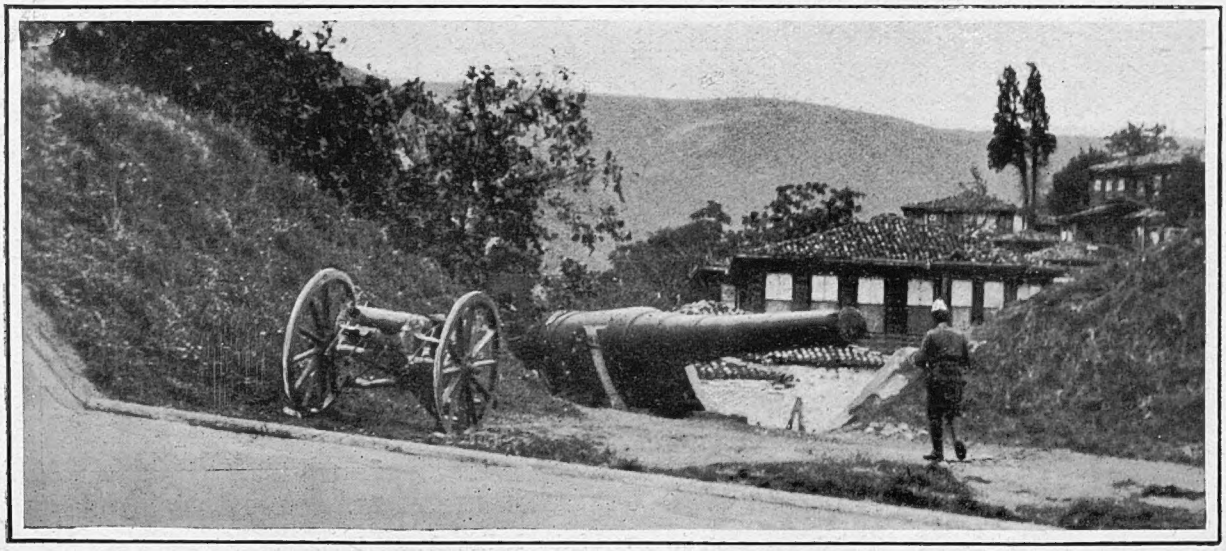
A SURVEY OF THE STRAINED RELATIONS OF THE GREAT EUROPEAN POWERS

Italy's Game

At the present moment it is very difficult to know exactly how things are going politically, either in Tripoli or Morocco. The popular indignation which manifested itself so strongly when war was declared has, if not vanished, at least ceased to make itself felt. People have now got to that stage when they cannot even take the trouble to read the papers themselves. "What is the latest news from Tripoli? Please tell me," they say, and it does not matter very much whether you do or not. The more you speak about the war, or, rather, its possibilities, the more complicated does the eventual issue become. At one moment it looks as if the war were going on for some time yet, and that Italy is copying the example of Japan, and is determined to place herself among the first Powers in Europe. That she wants to slip out of the Triple Alliance, as some suggest, seems, however, improbable. On the contrary, it looks, as we have already pointed out, as if the Marquis di San Giuliano were cementing that alliance, and every sensible Italian sees that, hereditary and deadly enemies though the Austrians be, it is to the advantage of both countries for them to be diplomatic friends. This is the only chance of getting near a solution of the Albanian question, which will probably be taken up later as one of the side-issues of this war.

Miserable Tripoli

At the time of writing Italy still dictates her terms. She will have Tripoli, nothing less. If the Turks give in at once, she is prepared to pay a small indemnity; but if the country is not given at once, she forfeits the indemnity. Italy, on the other hand, is quite prepared to make allowances for the difference of religion. Provided there is no attempt made to take down the Turkish flag, everything must be done to please the Moslem population. As in Bosnia, they will have their Mohammedan Mayor, absolute religious liberty, and a deputy of the Sheik-ul-Islam will be the recognised head of the Church, and deal with all religious matters. This means far



THE GRIM WARDERS OF THE BOSPHORUS

This fort at Rumili Karaghi commands the Black Sea end of the Bosphorus. Any Russian squadron with designs on Constantinople would have to pass the guns in our picture

War in Pretty Pictures

THE PHOTOGRAPHER FINDING HIS FEET AT TRIPOLI

An Italian Naval Officer examining an unexploded 12-in. shell on the beach at Tripoli. Two Italian war-ships are seen in the background

ITALIAN SAILORS GUARDING A GATEWAY, ASSISTED BY YOUNG ITALIAN RESIDENTS

ITALIAN SAILORS PROTECTING AMMUNITION ON THE QUAY AT TRIPOLI

The photographers are beginning to discover the picturesque side of the Turco-Italian War. True, the Turkish hosts seem to have avoided the camera-artist, but the bronzed Italian sailors and the Bersaglieri, with their dark, handsome faces and tossing plumes, contrast finely with the stately Arabs. The "largest circulation" touch will be recognised in the centre picture. The "young Italian resident" should wring out many a heart-throb. Sad that we no longer conduct a "Humanities" Department wherein to enshrine him, but—we may revive it!

more than it sounds, and people who have not been in the Near East do not always understand how important the religious side of the question is. The reason why the Austrian rule in Bosnia was such a success and so popular was the very tactful manner in which those questions were treated and the liberty that was given to Moslem subjects. Tripoli, at present, has need of administration. "Its population," I am told, "vegetates in utter misery. Dirt trickles through the walls and gives forth unhealthy odours, especially in the Jewish quarters, where disease runs riot. Except for the outskirts of the town, there is no part of Tripoli which is not stamped with sordid poverty." Certainly the Italians will have some work before even administration is possible; in all probability they will succeed better than the Turks could have done, but it is too soon to be putting on the "good Samaritan" air. No doubt Germany would govern England better than we do ourselves—that is not, however, a reason for her doing so.

PRESENTS FOR HOME?
An Italian sailor making a bargain with an Arab at Tripoli

'Ware Turkey

A Turkish official to whom I have been speaking about the war tells me that if Turkey cannot get European intervention by fair means she will have to try crooked means. Said Pasha is an official of the Hamidian *régime*, and wishes to adhere to the Hamidian policy of playing-off Turkey's enemies one against the other. My informant assures me that, dangerous as the experiment is, Turkey is ready to take Thessaly, if only to force European intervention. That, of course, gives Ferdinand of Bulgaria his chance, and he is not the one to let chances slip by. And if there is war in the Balkans, Heaven knows what the end may not be.

France's Lost Opportunity

At the time of writing France is still occupied with the Morocco affair, and it seems not the least nearer settlement. There are those, pessimists, perhaps, who see no way out of the difficulty but war, and if war has to come, why not at once? Germany does not want war. It is a *secret de polichinelle* that her financial position at present is unsatisfactory, and yet her policy of "bluff" allows her opportunities to dictate her terms. Those behind the scenes have told me that the financial side of this Moroccan business is as disgraceful an affair as it is possible to find. It is not the foreign policy of the country which is dictating the finance, but *vice versâ*. At the time of the panic on the Berlin Bourse, France had Germany in her hand. Why did she let that opportunity slip? That is a question that will have to be answered some day. Meanwhile, let us notice *en passant* that the destinies of France are at this moment in the hands of a stockbroker as Prime Minister, and stockbroking is first-class training for Prime Ministership if the stockbroker is honest! I only make this remark *en passant*.

General War in the Spring?

It is astonishing that the general public in France, as well as in England, is content to remain so in the dark or so ill-informed as it is at present about the foreign policy of its country. But the day of reckoning will have to come. Some people predict war for the spring, but from the examples we have of war, in all probability, if France and Germany come to conflict, it will break out when it is least expected. We are too near to present events to see them in their proper proportions, but it seems to me when the time has come for them to assume those proportions, Socialists will have something to say about what can be done in the name of Capital.

ITALIAN SOLDIERS IN THE TRENCHES ON THE EDGE OF THE DESERT
A cordon of riflemen has been drawn around the town of Tripoli, ready at any moment to repel inroads of the Turkish cavalry and prevent attempts to cut off the town's water supplies

The Man in the Crescent

A LUMINOUS EXPOSÉ OF THE NEAR EASTERN SITUATION

BY SID TREEBY

FROM A BYSTANDER'S POINT OF VIEW

"THERE is nothing"—says the *Observer*—"in the spirit or constitution of the Halsbury Club to exclude from its membership any Unionist who is in earnest." It looks as though Mr. Balfour and Lord Lansdowne might, if they tried really hard, end by qualifying for membership.

* * *

"It will be," continues our contemporary, "the spearhead of a party." We don't quite know what this means, but, no doubt, any member of that party that does not march smartly enough will get a jab from the spearhead.

* * *

"There is no mystery about it." *Voila!* Just a simple little club with some very simple members—simple, but very, very earnest.

* * *

HINTS FOR ADVERTISERS

(*According to a daily paper, "the use of verse is growing among advertisers, but chiefly where they wish to appeal to women." Below, we suggest some poetical appeals to men.*)

1. For the "What-ho" 7-inch Collar

Maidens hate you? Feeling blighted?
Wear a "What-ho"—soon be plighted!

2. For "Tum's Tonic"—The Best

Do you suffer from gout? Or from shrinkage of gums?
Overwork, Bright's disease, or hay fever?
Never mind which it is—if you write for a "Tum's,"
You'll smile and get going like a beaver.

* * *

A.B.C. OF THE CHINESE REVOLUTION

DR. SUN-YAT-SEN.—The Lloyd George of China. Intends to provide a New Heaven and New Earth for the Celestials, but has not as yet worked out all the details. Has frequently limehoused the idle Manchus. At present lives in Chicago, as he considers this city more progressive in some ways than those of China. Hates pigtails.

YUAN-SHI-KAI.—The Kitchener of China. Will cut off a man's head as soon as look at him, and will not allow his officers to be carried on to battlefields in rickshaws. A silent, strong man, but not really Shi.

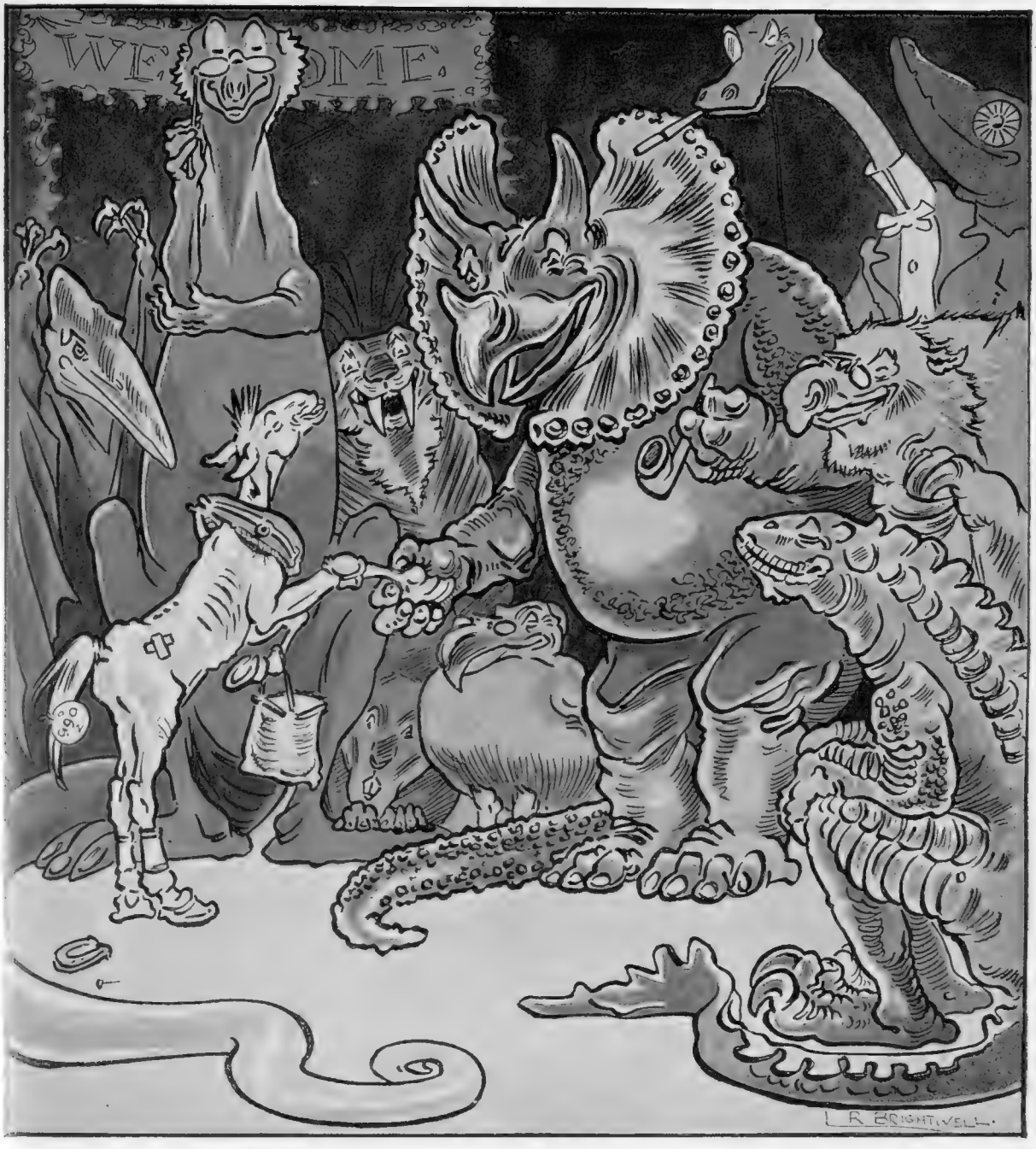
THE CHINESE EMPEROR.—The Kaiser of China. Aged five. He began his education the other day, and can already teach his instructors how to do pot-hooks. Considers that his subjects should wear pigtails and have a place in the sun. A strong believer in the Chinese navy, about which he has often been told stories by his pedagogue.

MORRISON OF PEKING.—The authority on China. The other authorities are people who have either met Morrison of Peking or have read Morrison of Peking's books.

BOXERS.—An unpleasant section of the Chinese population who believe in delivering the "knock-out" blow. The Jack Johnsons of China. It is to be feared that they would consider even the Rev. F. B. Meyer "a foreign devil."

ADMIRAL SA CHENG PING.—The Lord Charles Beresford of China. His enemies maintain that he believes more in keeping the eyes that are painted on the bows of the Chinese battleships bright and trim than in making his gunners practise throwing stink-pots. A daring officer, nevertheless.

Cynical Waiter (observing customer's moustache): "Of course, you'll take soup, Sir?"



[*After the end of this month, the 'bus horse will be no longer seen on the London streets*]

Other extinct Monsters (to newest arrival in the shades): "Welcome, little stranger"

The Great Wall of China, Etc.—These cannot be described in detail, but include Mandarins, Missionaries, Pagodas, Chopsticks, Fleatraps, and Teashops, all of which are likely to suffer considerably if the revolution continues. It may, however, be over by now.

* * *

A matrimonial bureau, described as "a clearing-house for lonely souls," is the latest municipal institution in the United States. It is thought that the lonely souls will soon insist upon each ratepayer being compelled to give them a wedding-present.

* * *

"Some day," says Mme. Karin Michaëlis, who has startled so many people with her divorce insurance proposal, "when I am lying under a beautiful weeping birch, with little birds on its branches, I expect that divorce-insured women will come on my birthday, and decorate my grave with flowers of thankfulness." It is a pretty thought, and will, no doubt, be carried out. But I feel sure the little birds will fly away as the divorcées come trooping up. Little birds always are so very moral.

* * *

Peace has its glories no less than War. The thought is induced by the fact that while the Turks in Tripoli are having bombs borne towards them by aeroplanes, we are having boots.

* * *

According to a cable from Mr. F. A. Iredale, "Australians are relying for their bowling upon Whitty, who has just recovered from appendicitis, and Hordern, who bowls googlies." Of the two, somehow, one would have expected the man who had lost his appendix to get the bias on his deliveries.

WAR—THE GREAT PEACEMAKER

I SEE that the man Stead — I beg his pardon, the gentleman Stead—has gone to Constantinople and proposed arbitration as the best way to settle the Turco-Italian war. Turks received the suggestion with "amiable expressions." "The age of gold," one of their papers remarked, "has not succeeded the age of iron."

I don't know, of course, but is this Tripoli war the sort of thing that happens in the "age of iron"? If so, I don't see that peace-maniacs have much quarrel with it. It is just the sort of war I should draft out were I myself one of them—it is simply peace at a fancy dress ball.

—•••—

Were I, as said, a Pacificist, I should formally propose a universal declaration of war, and that every diplomatist in every capital should be immediately sent packing to the remotest island on the shores of the country to which he was accredited, to remain there until he had, by solemn word, been bound once for all, on pain of recapture or death, never again to practise diplomacy in any shape or form. For, my dear friends, he who endangers your precious Peace is not the plain, practical, businesslike soldier, or the kindly, sympathetic sailor, but the silver-tongued, but stony-hearted, diplomat. If every nation declared that it would once and for all dispense with diplomacy, and that it would protect its interests, if attacked, by whatever force — warlike, social, commercial, literary, artistic, or musical—that it possessed, there would be precious few wars, and those that we had would probably be bloodless ones.

—•••—

For Mr. Norman Angell, in naming Finance, has only mentioned one of the many weapons in the armoury of Peace. Suppose Italy or France, at war with Germany or England, declined to send us any (1) wines, (2) singers, musicians, or musical compositions, (3) actresses, dancers, novels, plays, or frocks. Suppose we retaliated by sending them no (1) tourists, (2) . . . H'm. What else is there that we could make them miss? Must try another case. Suppose America, at war with England, declined to send us any heiresses. We, of course, could refuse to ship peers. Fifteen all. America would refuse to send tourists. Thirty-fifteen. We should refuse to send them theatrical companies. (How's that, referee? Thirty all? Thanks.) To proceed. They would forbid the export of tobacco. I think that would constitute "game" for them, for, to that stroke, we should have no effective reply. It would be a straight cut to peace—the Pax Virginica—and without the firing of a shot. It might be the same between us and Germany, though, at the moment, I cannot think of anything on the export list of either combatant that ever would be missed. The danger is, therefore, that, between England and Germany, there would have to be an exchange of shells. So, of course, it would be between certain other nations who had no economic use for each other.

—•••—

A universal declaration of war would serve to show who those nations were, and it would be "up to" them to come to the needed agreement. To do that, the best persons would be not the diplomats, who talk and talk and talk (*vide* Cambon and Kiderlen-Waechter's name), and don't settle anything, but the afore-mentioned generals and admirals who do, and twice as quickly. To take an historic example. Who preserved the peace between France and England in 1898? The Ambassador in Paris? No. Kitchener at Fashoda — over champagne and cigars, with an army at a convenient distance to the rear. We want only Ambassadors of the Kitchener type (with armies attendant). The reason why, when one Power wants some little African trifle that belongs to another, she proceeds at present to march across her European frontier is because of diplomacy, not because of war. It is because Germany wants not—say—Agadir, but a stupid piece of paper called a Treaty. It is this mad passion for paper that makes war a barbarism instead of a simple matter of business.

MR. W. T. STEAD (AT CONSTANTINOPLE)
Who, according to our contributor, should be deported to the Falkland Isles as a dangerous disturber of the war

—•••—

We fight, on the one hand, to secure treaties or to prevent other Powers securing them, or on the other, to break treaties or to prevent other Powers breaking them. It is Treaties that are the cause of all war—or nearly all wars—and if a commission of Stokers-Extraordinary and Trimmers-Plenipotentiary could only meet, one glorious November Fifth, on the plains of Pomerania, and consign to a gigantic bonfire all the Treaties ever signed by all the Powers since the beginning of Time (Peace Treaties included), why, then, we should be taking the first step to universal peace. The next steps would be the bombardment and complete destruction of the Hague, and the deportation to the Falkland Isles of Mr. W. T. Stead. Then would follow the razing to the ground (or the conversion into hotel-restaurants) of all the Foreign Offices and all the Embassies, and the above-mentioned segregation in quarantine of all the diplomatists. After preventive measures against statesmen of pacificist views, international lawyers, and the staff of the *Daily News*, we should then proceed to restore to the nations (in the immortal words of Wordsworth):

The ancient rule, the simple plan,
That they shall take who hold the power
And they will hold who can.

JOURNEYMAN

Leaders IN THE Russian Ballet AT Covent Garden

Photographs

"Schéhérazade" is a choreographic drama in one act. It tells the story of a faithless Sultana and of a plot arranged by the Shah in collaboration with the chief eunuch to trap her.

MLLE. THAMAR KARSAVINA
Première Ballerine in "Schéhérazade" (left)
and
MLLE. GACHEWSKA
Première Danseuse in "Schéhérazade"

Bert

The play ends with a general massacre of the guilty debauchées, and is one of the most popular presented by the Russian ballet now at Covent Garden.

The British Drama on the Sick-List

A FEW CRITICAL REMARKS BY "JINGLE"

THE British drama seems for the moment to be on the sick-list. Of West-End theatres seven at least are given over to musical comedy, a form of entertainment that depends for its success on the musician rather than the dramatist; and at two other theatres recently produced plays are giving way to revivals of former successes. And yet the difficulty nowadays is to meet the man or woman who has not written a play that, if it only had a chance, would take London by storm. None of these hidden masterpieces can, however, be produced because theatrical managers (who, after all, have the most right to decide as to how they shall spend their money) will not take the risk such a production would involve. And the ordinary genius in the traditional garret cannot usually put down off-hand the two or three thousand pounds which it costs to produce a West-End play of any kind of importance. What, therefore, is to be done? I am not in any way concealing the truth from the gentle reader when I assert boldly and without fear of contradiction that—I do not know. There is some talk of establishing a national theatre as a kind of testing-ground for promising plays. I am not quite sure I have the idea of it rightly, but if it is to be an institution that will bear all losses incidental to play-production, at the expense of the taxpayer, and will pay over all the profits to the author of the play that succeeds, I can lay my hand on my heart and say that I can conscientiously support an institution like that all the time. (Like everybody else, I, too, write plays now and then.)

I have an idea that one great mistake made by London managers is that they invite dramatic critics to their theatres on first nights, and charge them nothing for their seats. On the first night of a new play the free-list should be entirely suspended. If the critics stayed away from the theatre on that account, the manager would be at no loss, because if his plays were a huge success the news would spread like wildfire or measles; if the play were a failure the painful fact would have been kept out of the papers. On the other hand, if, as is more probable, the critics all paid for their seats, the manager would have at least the takings of one full house with which to face the cold, hard world in the event of complete disaster. Critics are at present invited free of charge in the hope that they will praise the new production out of all proportion to its merits, since it is obvious that no sane manager would invite anyone to his theatre to decry the latest dazzling masterpiece.

That is why it is so difficult for a sensitive person to speak the harsh, brutal truth even when justice calls for this very unwelcome commodity. After you have shaken hand on the doorstep, and have greeted the manager as a man and a brother, it makes you very uncomfortable to find yourself gradually forming the opinion that the play you are witnessing is one that ought never to have been seen outside a lunatic asylum. Perhaps it is fortunate for all concerned that, in spite of having invited your honest opinion, the manager is still protected by the law of libel if you should have extreme views on the subject of honesty. Even dramatic critics who can write the King's English—the gift is not universal—must not write it too plainly. Still, assuming that the dramatic critic is necessary—a contention that I do not admit for one moment—I think he ought to be made to pay for his seat.

Miss Marie Tempest has done a clever thing lately in publishing a comment on the Press criticisms of Mr. Arnold Bennett's new play at the Royalty Theatre. Miss Tempest really ought not to do this kind of thing. It gives the critics away so. Besides, in presenting a reply in the form of a tradesman's advertisement, Miss Tempest gets a one-sided advantage, because very few people read dramatic criticisms in the morning papers, whereas everybody reads tradesmen's advertisements. People do not bother about a new play until they have decided to go and see it, and if the criticism should not happen to have appeared actually at that moment, they do not concern themselves about it, unless they are chronic theatrophiles. The commonest question the regular theatre-goer encounters is as to what sort of play the particular one is that the questioner proposes to sit out. The great criticism to which managers profess to attach so much importance was, apparently, not even noticed on its appearance—say—a week or so earlier. The reader had time only for the war news, the sporting or financial tips for the day, and the funny descriptions of police court proceedings. What is going on at the theatres has no interest for him until he is looking out for his occasional evening's amusement.

Therefore, Miss Tempest's playful reproach of inconsistency comes especially hard on the dramatic critic, because the thinking public has never bothered to read the case for the plaintiff. But a greater mistake made by this dainty little lady is to suppose that what the critics said is going to influence the success or failure of her play in the least degree. If the play was good, the general public can be relied upon to spread the joyful tidings from mouth to mouth; and if it was not quite so good as it might have been, the public who saw it will talk about something else instead. Professional dramatic criticism may be flattering to the vanity of actor-managers, but as a commercial factor its influence is ridiculously over-rated. Managers who are in business for something else beside their healths should do as Davy Garrick is said to have done, and write their own criticisms—in the form of column advertisements. That's what I shall do if I ever take to the theatre business. You know then that the right thing will have been said.

JINGLE

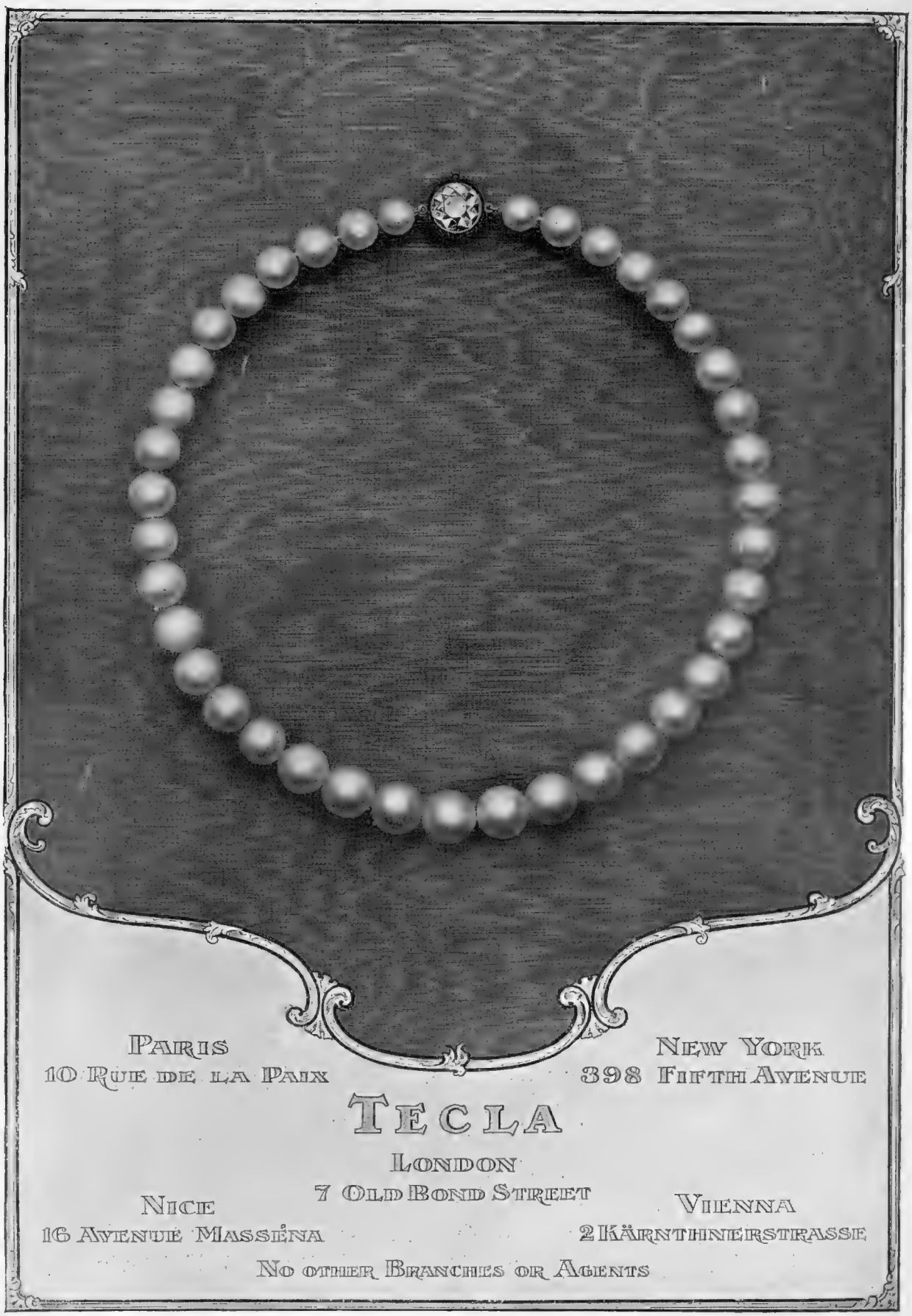
IS IT POSSIBLE THAT SIR HERBERT TREE IS GOING TO PLAY "UNCLE TOM"?

SOME OF OUR LEADING ACTOR MANAGERS AS SLAVES

ONE OF OUR LEADING MUSICAL COMEDY ACTRESSES IS SURE TO PUT MORE SPIRIT IN TO THE CHARACTER OF "LITTLE EVA" — THAN IS USUALLY ASSOCIATED WITH THAT PART

ANOTHER FLYING SCENE — "LIZA CROSSING THE FROZEN A

Mr. Norman Morrow, temporarily thrown off his balance by a rumour that reached him to the effect that Sir Herbert Tree was to produce "Uncle Tom's Cabin" at Christmas, has sketched above an anticipatory all-star cast for the production



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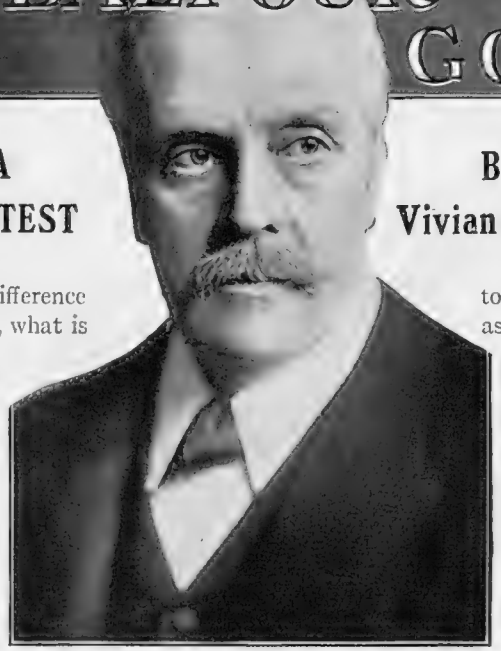
MUST BALFOUR GO?

A PROTEST

By Vivian Carter



Photograph *Walter Barnett*

SOME of my journalistic friends, fellow-members of the Conservative party, are giving Mr. Balfour notice to quit somewhat in the manner in which they dismiss the domestic servant who has, for the third time, been caught at the whisky bottle. Whether Mr. Balfour is, or is not, to go is a matter on which there is difference of opinion, but if he is to go, what is to be the manner of his going? In settling such questions, it is usual to take into consideration the character of the man dismissed and the nature of his past services. What, briefly, *are* the past services to his country and to his party of the Right Hon. Arthur James Balfour?

* * *

Mr. Balfour is, it is true, a Cecil, and he is the nephew of his uncle. To that fact, certainly, he owed his transference from private membership to Ministerial office. May I, please, however, ask how often the late Marquis of Salisbury made a mistake in any appointment he ever made? Even in the case of his own nephew, when did a man ever justify himself better than did Mr. Balfour in the rôle of Irish Chief Secretary? The men who demand that Balfour must go are noisiest of all in their devotion to the Union. It is to Mr. Balfour, more than any living man, that they owe the fact, first, that Ireland is still a part of the United Kingdom at all, and, second, that she is a prosperous and a contented part. It was the fearless courage of Balfour that stamped out the disloyalty of the 'eighties and restored authority; it was the eloquence and the brilliant tactics of Balfour that secured the destruction of the Home Rule Bill of the 'nineties and hurled the Liberals from office for a decade; it was the statesmanship and foresight of Balfour that allayed Irish discontent and transformed the sister island into a prosperous country—so prosperous that Home Rule is now no longer demanded by threats as a right, but asked for in soft tones as a matter of business convenience.

* * *

When the history of Conservatism comes to be told, a laurel wreath will be laid on the statue of Balfour at Parliament Square as the man who preserved the Union by re-union. But Balfour must go—at the very moment when the battle for the Union has to be fought again! The veteran who carried us through the earlier battles is to be thrown aside when before the enemy's last fortress—which lies in a country of which he alone knows every hill and every stream and every forest.

Whatever Balfour's defects on Tariff Reform, he alone can guide the party to the right ground in the defence of the Union. On the Irish question he does not oppose the mere crude negative of a Carson or the mere scepticism of a Long. Balfour has an Irish policy which has already proved itself to be for the good of Ireland as well as for the Union. Mr. Balfour it was who passed Irish Local Government, who furthered the Irish Catholic University, who fathered the great Land Settlement, and who listened sympathetically to schemes of devolution. He stands, on the Irish question, to *win* the battle for Unionism. And if the Irish question is the stream to be crossed, what folly to swop the willing horse for the untried hack. You say there are other questions than the Irish. If you sincerely said that, and meant it—that the Conservative party will let Home Rule go by the board and concentrate its attention on Social and Tariff Reform—then you make out some sort of a case for Balfour Must Go.

But you don't say that. Your Die-Hard leaders profess to be determined to fight the Union battle to a finish. If that is so, then, I repeat, Balfour must *not* go. To fight the new attitude of Mr. Redmond, who is all soft words and blandishments, it will be fatal to beat the worn-out Orange drum. The British democracy simply will not listen. Home Rule, if opposed by blind fanaticism only, will win hands down and give the Liberals a fourth term of office. But if fought by Balfour—the man who knows, who feels, and who has an alternative policy—it will not win. So much for Balfour as leader in the fight for the Union.

* * *

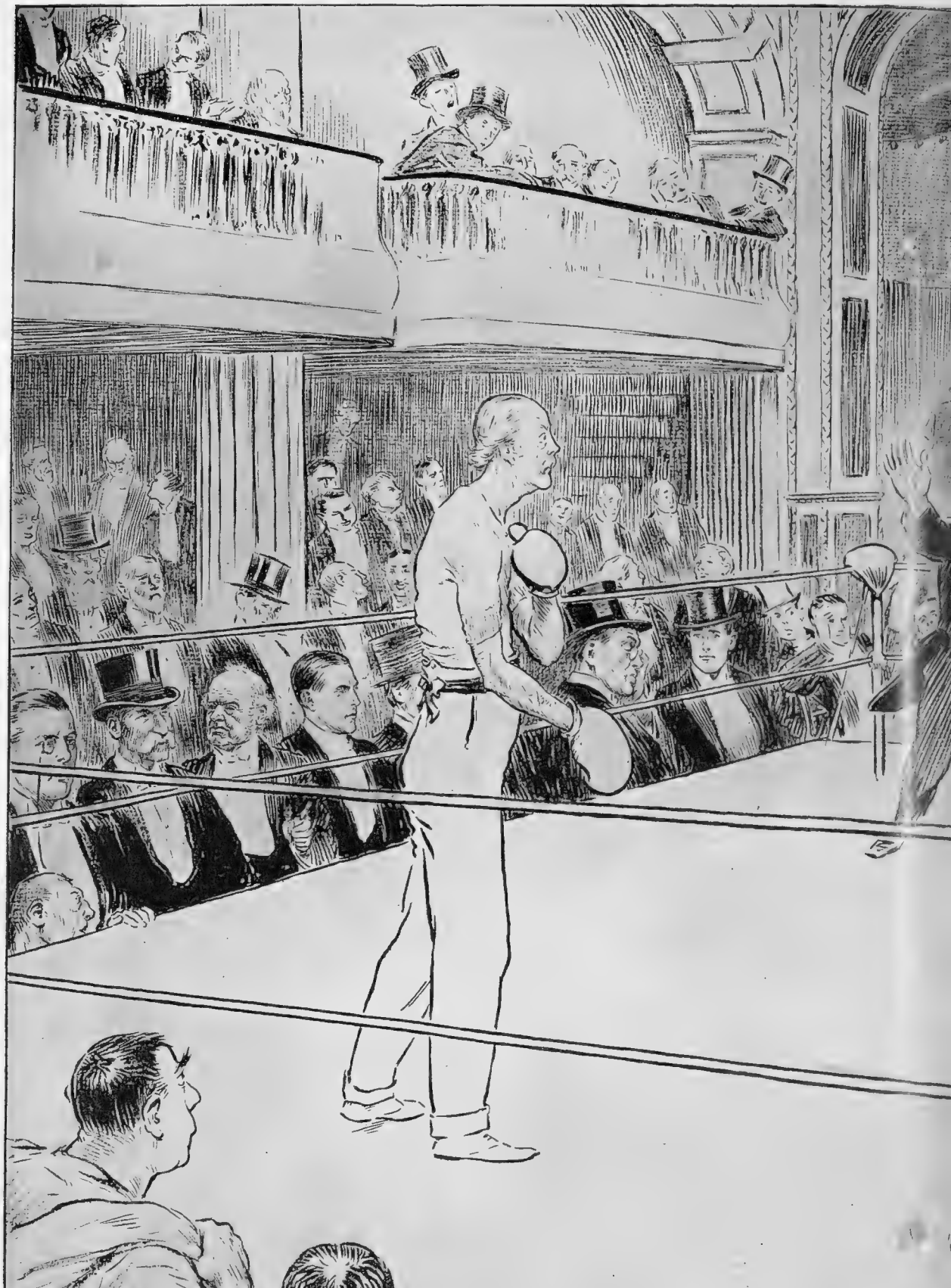
As a legislator, Balfour is able to show the record of having passed two Bills—the Licensing and the Education Bills—which, after six years of strenuous effort, the Liberals have not been able to upset, so admirably are they working. As an Imperial statesman, he preserved peace with honour; he was Premier during the dangerous Russo-Japanese War, and saved this country from being involved. In his term of office were concluded the agreements with France, America, Japan, which gave this country a marvellous diplomatic strength that has not been preserved by the present Government.

* * *

There remains, however, the question of the future lead of the party. That is another matter altogether. Mr. Balfour is over sixty, and he does not enjoy

(*Continued on page 186*)

THE POLITICAL PRIZE FIGHT:



SCENE: THE POLITICAL NATIONAL

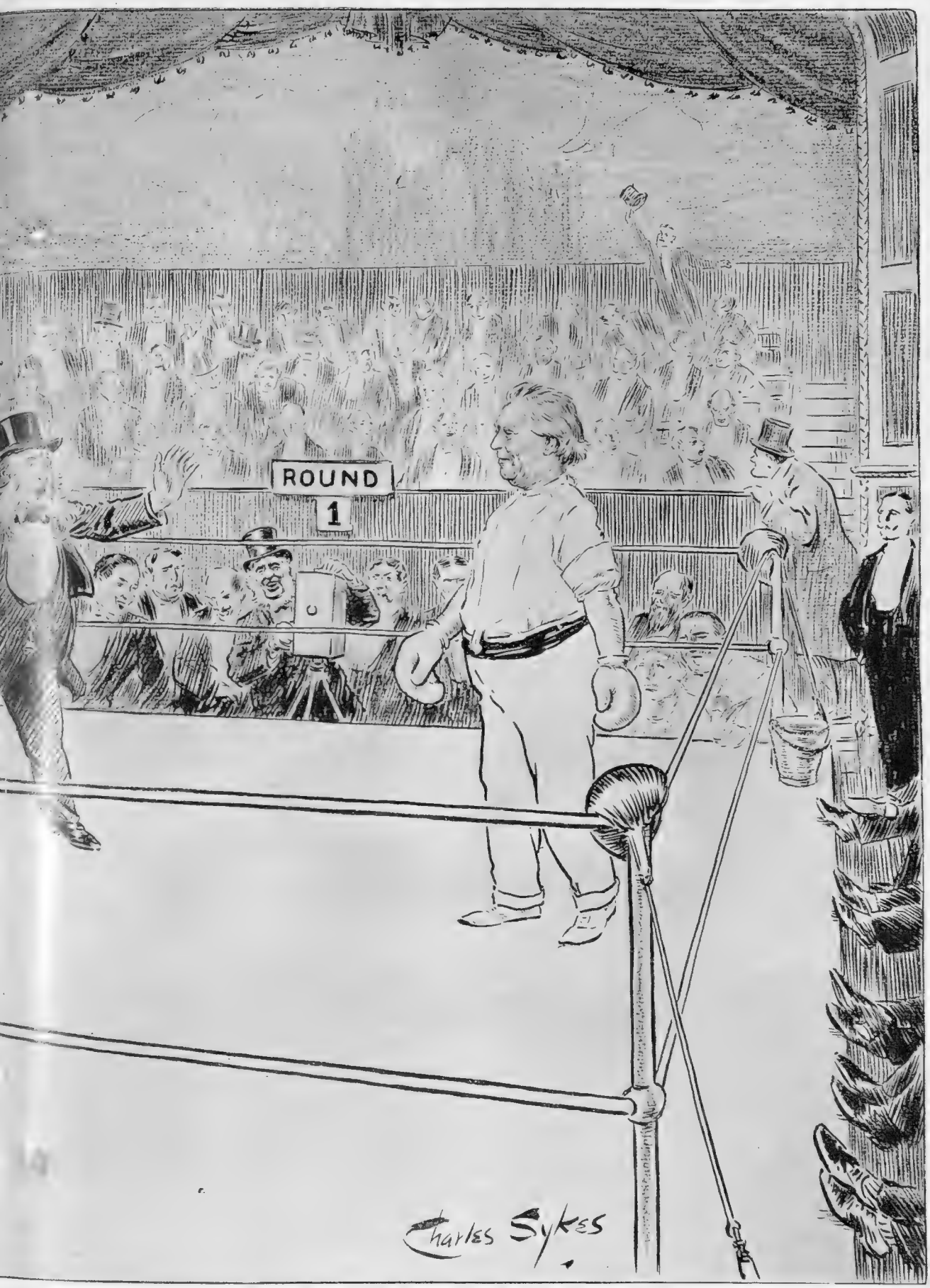
Mr. Diehard (to Asquith): "He's n

Asquith (humorously): "Why? A

Mr. Diehard (contemptuously): "N

[*The Parliamentary Session opens to-day amid a*

HE NEED FOR MORE BLOODSHED



PORTING CLUB (BALFOUR v. ASQUITH)

: to fight you, anyway"
e they afraid he'll hurt me?"
They're afraid he won't"

clamour for a change in the Conservative Leadership]

Must Balfour Go?—*(continued)*

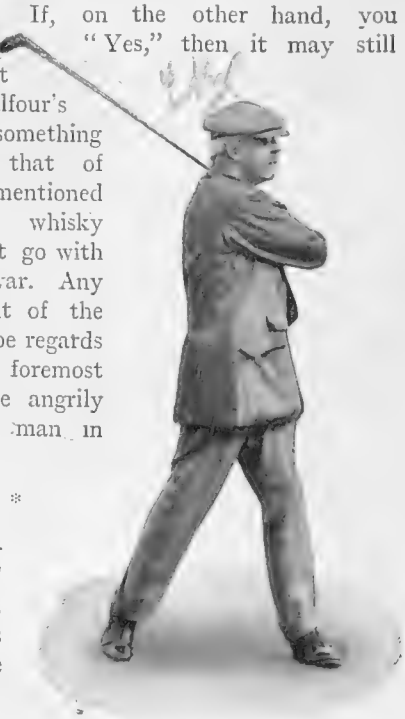
the best of health. Probably, in his inner self, he does not expect again to be Premier. But depose Balfour from the lead, and in whom do you place your confidence to win the next battle of the polls against Lloyd George, Winston, and Co.? They play to the gallery, it may be said, and the leader of the Conservative party must do likewise; it is useless offering philosophic stones to those who need polemical bread. Very well, then. Whom have you that can play and *beat* the demagogues at their own game? . . . Prolonged pause. . . . Is it Mr. Austen Chamberlain? Have you ever *heard* him address a popular audience? I have—a packed Albert Hall. And it went home weary, despondent. There was not a man in the audience but sighed, "Oh! for an hour of his father!" Mr. A. Chamberlain does not carry an audience with him. He is stiff, pedantic, and he lacks the slightest spark of humour or power of phrase.

* * *

Who else is there? You would send Lansdowne packing with Balfour, while Curzon—an orator and a statesman too—is "off the list" as one of the Scuttlers. Is it Lord Selborne? The elect may read his speeches with interest, but what is Selborne's name to the man in the street? Perhaps it is Mr. F. E. Smith? Well, in time, Mr. Smith may justify himself, but a Conservative leader usually needs some reputation for actual statecraft as well as for the power of epigram. Mr. Smith has delivered hard platform blows, and he has made clever speeches in the House, but he has not yet convinced the democracy that he stands for any definite principle, or that he is anything else but a clever barrister talking to his brief, which might just as easily have been that of the other side.

* * *

No doubt, you now say. But Balfour Must Go! Anybody who would say something and do something, no matter how silly or how desperate, would be better for the party. If you look upon the "party" as a cheap entertainment, and its leader as a sort of political Pélissier, then, no doubt, you are right. If, on the other hand, the party is the alternative Government of this country—a body of men who are ready to replace the present Ministry in any emergency that may at any moment arise (for instance, a war or a social revolution)—then the case is altered. One would like the man to be sent for by the King to have a reputation for patriotism, for courage, for intellect, for foresight, for experience. Must he go—that man, the one Commoner in the party who is proved to possess those qualities? Perhaps a quiet moment's thought will form on your lips the word "No." If, on the other hand, you still think "Yes," then it may still occur to you that the manner of Balfour's going must be something different from that of the above-mentioned servant at the whisky bottle. He must go with the honours of war. Any shabby treatment of the man whom Europe regards as Britain's foremost politician will be angrily resented by the man in the street.



* * *

"I never understood him," he will say. "But he was their man. He fought for them—he was beaten; he stuck it out and fought and fought again. And he never cared what they said about him—just went on fighting (when he wasn't golfing). And *that's* how they served him. Well—there's gratitude for you. My vote's for the Radicals."

* * *

Mr. Balfour's deposition, if and when it comes, should be at least as polite as, say, that of the Sultan of Turkey from Tripoli. There it is proposed that he shall, while ceasing to be Sovereign, nevertheless exercise a sort of "spiritual suzerainty." Cannot something of the sort be done for Mr. Balfour? Khalif of the Conservative party, Lord High Philosopher of the Primrose League, arch-adviser to the Tariff Reform League, Super-Life President of the National Union? I feel sure that if the Die-Hards dine several times more their joint imaginations will enable them to find some masterly phrase wherein they can enshrine the past-master of phrases, and thereby at once preserve his dignity and gain their chance.

VIVIAN CARTER

An Imperishable Monument

TO THE MEMORY OF A MARTYR OF AERIAL PROGRESS

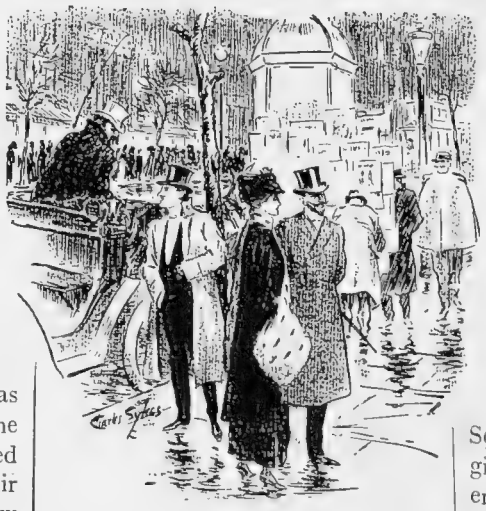
Photograph *William E. Gray*

THE LATE HON. C. S. ROLLS: BY SIR WM. GOSCOMBE JOHN, R.A.

This statue was unveiled at Monmouth on Thursday, October 19. It will be remembered that the famous motorist and aviator (son of Lord Llangattock) met his death by falling in his aeroplane at the Bournemouth Aviation Meeting in the summer of 1910. Monmouth has been chosen as the site for the erection of the statue as that city is the home of the Llangattock family

PARIS SHOWS et Autres Choses

by John N. Raphael.



AUTRES *choses*, this week, most distinctly *autres choses*. And yet I don't know, for the affair of the chaste Suzanne and the young man from the Argentine, as we have been calling it in Paris, was something of a show too. If the French authorities had only realised from the outset that the affair rested upon the question as to how "chased" ought to have been spelled there would have been less newspaper fuss, and we should not have laughed as heartily. Suzanne was sixteen—that is a thing which has happened to the best of us. She sold boots in a little shop in Fécamp, which is Yvetot way, and the young man from the Argentine, who had been motoring in the neighbourhood, fell in love with her beauty as she was buttoning his new boots.

The Chased Suzanne

ACT 2 was a red motor-car, Suzanne's disappearance from Fécamp, and newspaper excitement. The very chased, or chaste, Suzanne had been kidnapped, her mother was in tears, and the Paris Press were up in arms against the shocking morals of the South Americans and other foreigners to whom Paris extends such a whole-hearted hospitality in exchange for a trifle over cost price. But the boot was on the other foot almost immediately. The police found the chased Suzanne. She explained that she had run away with the young man who owned the big red motor-car *en toute connaissance de cause*. I defy any young English woman of sixteen to explain a little escapade of the kind so neatly and in so few words. And I doubt whether any young lady of sixteen would have just such an escapade in England. Young girls in France do these things, when they do them, with a quiet self-possession—no, determination, and in a matter-of-fact manner quite unheard of at home.

The Red Motor-Car

WHEN Suzanne realised the fuss that was being made about her elopement, she wrote to her sorrowing mamma, enclosing 50frs., and mamma came up to Paris. Mamma was a woman of business. She had a chat with the young man from the Argentine, and returned with Suzanne to Fécamp the next day. Suzanne will probably marry the candlestick-maker of Fécamp (she is a cut above the butcher or the baker, I presume), and next time you visit that pretty little town in Normandy I have no doubt you will find the young woman installed in a shop of her own. And the young man from the Argentine will for the next nine weeks remain the hero of the big South American colony which buys the best places in the Paris theatres, spends the most money in the Paris restaurants, wears the biggest jewels at the Paris Opéra, and is altogether *tout à fait très Parisien*, with an olive-coloured complexion and an accent like the rolling of stones down a steep hillside.

Mamma Comes to Paris

IT was apropos of the chaste and chased Suzanne that an indignation meeting of *midinettes*, which I was privileged to attend by accident, took place on a platform of the tube station under the Place de la Concorde. The meeting had gathered round the poster of a friendly society which advertised restaurants for women and "*homes pour anglaises*." The meeting was very angry with the poster. "*Voilà!*" cried the *midinettes*, dark-haired, fair, red and golden-haired, in chorus. "*Voilà!* men for English girls! And we are left without them." For they pronounced "homes" "*hommes*," as any French girl naturally would, and proved once more how utterly absurd it is to use a foreign word when you are appealing to the public. *Qu'en dites vous, chers amis?*

Homes or Hommes

DURING the last few weeks the French railway companies, principally, of course, the Ouest Etat, which is as shockingly mismanaged as are most State-run things here in France, have been very busy mislaying dead bodies. Some time ago a young German girl died in Nice. Her body was embalmed, and despatched by her mother's orders to Stettin. The whole family came to the station for it, the mother had the coffin opened so that she might kiss her child once more before she was buried, and when the lid was lifted there lay a white-bearded Russian General in full uniform. The railway companies had muddled things, and the poor girl had been buried with full military honours in Odessa. Since the wreck of the *Liberté* even worse things than this have occurred. Many of the victims were sent from Toulon for burial to their homes in Brest and other places, mostly in Brittany, where the bulk of French sailors have their homes.

Lost Corpses and—

THE coffins were awaited by the civil and military authorities of each town and by their relatives. Preparations had been made to give them an imposing funeral, gun-carriages were in readiness to convey them to the cemetery. The church bells tolled as the train came in, cannon sounded a last salute. As the train drew up alongside the platform, soldiers presented arms. But there were no coffins in the train. The railway company had mislaid the coffins somehow *en route*, and the funerals had to be postponed. In some cases ten days or a fortnight elapsed before the coffins were found again, for they had drifted away to all sorts of places, and it is rumoured that one coffin is travelling still. What a poem Kipling could write about this homeless Tomlinson drifting about France in search of his last home. And as a journalist friend of mine said when we were discussing the matter, "It's very difficult for a live person to get to his destination by the Ouest Etat—*alors!*" That "*alors*" made me shudder.

Postponed Funerals

JOHN N. RAPHAEL

Hankow: The Rebels' Capital

A CHINESE BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF THE TOWN AND ITS NEIGHBOURS

A remarkable old Chinese bird's-eye-view map of the three towns of Hankow, Hangyang, and Wuchang. Hankow (the Yangtse port 700 miles south of Pekin, which is the centre of the Chinese rebellion) is seen in the foreground, divided by the Han river from the peninsular, on which stands the town of Hangyang, with its arsenal. The broad stream of the Yang-tse-Kiang river crosses the middle of the map, and beyond is the town of Wuchang, its pagoda a conspicuous object. At the time of writing the news arrives that an indecisive battle has been fought between the Imperial and rebel forces outside Hankow, the rebels finally retiring on Wuchang for further supplies of ammunition

MATTERS MUSICAL

ON SELLING PROGRAMMES: WHY NOT, MR. LANDON RONALD?

Parents Up in Arms

It may be remembered that, some weeks ago, a statement went the round of the Press to the effect that the women-students of the Guildhall School of Music were to act as programme-sellers in Mr. Hammerstein's new Opera House with a view to gaining experience in matters operatic. The statement seems to have created no end of a fuss, so much so, indeed, that Mr. Landon Ronald, the principal of the institution in question, has found it necessary to instruct his Press agent to inform the world that never at any time was "so monstrous a move contemplated." Poor Mr. Ronald! He has drawn down on his innocent head apparently all the thunder of outraged middle-class respectability. "I refuse absolutely," wrote one parent, "to allow my daughter either to sell or to distribute programmes in any theatre whatever. . . . . I would as soon see her acting in the capacity of a barmaid." Now, half an hour's conversation with that parent would give me very considerable satisfaction; but, as I am not likely to be gratified, I must rest content with a homily to my unfortunate readers, some of whom may happen to know the lady or gentleman in question.

Photograph *Dover Street Studios*

MR. LANDON RONALD

A famous conductor and composer, and President of the Guildhall School of Music. In the accompanying article is discussed the pother concerning a rumour that the women-students of the latter institution were to be employed as programme sellers at the opera

Barring the Bar

Firstly, then, let me hasten to assure the outraged parent that his daughter, should she happen to be thinking of music as a profession, had far better make up her mind to be a barmaid at once, for she would then perform a function at the same time more useful to society and more lucrative to herself. Anybody who enters the musical profession unprepared to make the greatest sacrifice in order to obtain the smallest advantage is simply courting disaster. The profession is already overcrowded with similar people, who usually end their days in a third-rate provincial town with a brass-plate outside their door announcing that John Jones or Sarah Smith teaches Harmony, Piano, Violin, and Mandoline at a shilling an hour. Get you to your bar, young woman! There, at least, you will not swell the ranks of those most pitiable and undeserving wretches, incompetent and unwanted musicians.

Chaperoned Mediocrity

Good Heavens! The idea of any musical student being too proud to sell programmes. If I had had no money when I studied music I would have willingly swept out the orchestra pit to be able to go to the opera regularly. What is more, nobody who is not willing to do so ought to be allowed to call himself a musician. The fact of the matter is that, in England, we have made music far too genteel. With our *bourgeois* academies, and respectable students, and general atmosphere of chaperoned mediocrity, we deliberately encourage music as an accomplishment for the weaker brethren to the detriment of the true artist, who must certainly be independent and, probably, unconventional. That is why our training colleges have, as a rule, been so successful in raising the musical education of the country to a certain level and so unsuccessful in producing any artists of remarkable originality or power.

Snobbery Rampant

I am aware, of course, that the trouble is not peculiar to music and musicians. In this country the rank fear of losing caste by doing something out of the ordinary is amazing. If a clerk were to improve his health and his wages by learning to drive a taxi, he would be cut by nine out of ten of his acquaintances. A poor country gentleman would rather starve than send his daughters to the excellent secondary school in a neighbouring town. Instead, he will hire a cheap governess, who knows nothing, and can't teach that, thus sacrificing the whole of his children to a snobbish prejudice. Really, the curse of England is the doctrine of keeping up appearances.

America's Example

It will doubtless come as something of a shock to our friend, the parent, to know that in America it is quite common for poor students at the University to go out as waiters in the summer in order to be able to pay for their education. Nor is this monstrous habit confined to one sex. I am told that there is one well-known hotel in the States which, in the summer months, only employs students of the Universities to do the service.

Degradation of Another Kind

Now, I am not an habitual admirer of things American, but a little of this spirit would benefit our schools and colleges immeasurably. Perhaps, in that case, we should hear less nonsense talked about the degradation of selling programmes, or even chocolates, in a theatre. At present the only thing that it is always legitimate to sell is oneself—provided the marriage settlement be adequate. FRANCIS TOYE

The New Daisy at Daly's

Photograph *Rita Martin*

MISS DAISY IRVING, LEADING LADY IN "THE COUNT OF LUXEMBOURG" AT DALY'S THEATRE

Miss Irving is to be congratulated on her meteoric rise to fame. Those who saw her not so long ago in the provinces playing the leading part in a touring company of "Havana" foresaw that she would make her mark in London before long. In taking Miss Lily Elsie's part in "The Count of Luxembourg" she has fulfilled these prognostications. Her attractive personal appearance is combined with a good voice and considerable acting talent

BYSTANDER SHORT STORY

EXCEPTING MRS. PENTHERBY

BY "SAKI"

A STORY OF AN AUTUMN HOUSE-PARTY

IT was Reggie Bruttle's own idea for converting what had threatened to be an albino elephant into a beast of burden that should help him along the stony road of his finances. "The Limes," which had come to him by inheritance without any accompanying provision for its upkeep, was one of those pretentious, unaccommodating mansions which none but a man of wealth could afford to live in, and which not one wealthy man in a hundred would choose on its merits. It might easily languish in the estate market for years, set round with notice-boards proclaiming it, in the eyes of a sceptical world, to be an eminently desirable residence.

Reggie's scheme was to turn it into the head-quarters of a prolonged country-house party, in session during the months from October till the end of March—a party consisting of young or youngish people of both sexes, too poor to be able to do much hunting or shooting on a serious scale, but keen on getting their fill of golf, bridge, dancing, and occasional theatre-going. No one was to be on the footing of a paying-guest, but everyone was to rank as a paying-host; a committee would look after the catering and expenditure, and an informal sub-committee would make itself useful in helping forward the amusement side of the scheme.

As it was only an experiment, there was to be a general agreement on the part of those involved in it to be as lenient and mutually helpful to one another as possible. Already a promising nucleus, including one or two young married couples, had been got together, and the thing seemed to be fairly launched.

"With good management and a little unobtrusive hard work, I think the thing ought to be a success," said Reggie, and Reggie was one of those people who are painstaking first and optimistic afterwards.

"There is one rock on which you will unfailingly come to grief, manage you never so wisely," said Major Dagberry, cheerfully; "the women will quarrel. Mind you," continued this prophet of disaster, "I don't say that some of the men won't quarrel too, probably they will; but the women are bound to. You can't prevent it; it's in the nature of the sex. The hand that rocks the cradle rocks the world, in a volcanic sense. A woman will endure discomforts, and make sacrifices, and go without things to an heroic extent, but the one luxury she will not go without is her quarrels. No matter where she may be, or how transient her appearance on a scene, she will instal her feminine feuds as assuredly as a Frenchman would concoct soup in the wastes of the Arctic regions. At the commencement of a sea voyage, before the male traveller knows half a dozen of his fellow-passengers by sight, the average woman will have started a couple of enmities, and laid in material for one or two more—provided, of course, that there are sufficient women aboard to permit quarrelling in the plural. If there's no one else she will quarrel with the stewardess. This experiment of yours is to run for six months; in less than five weeks there will be war to the knife declaring itself in half a dozen different directions."

"Oh, come, there are only eight women in the party; they won't all pick quarrels quite so soon as that," protested Reggie.

"They won't all originate quarrels, perhaps," conceded the Major, "but they will all take sides, and just as Christmas is upon you, with its conventions of peace and goodwill, you will find yourself in for a glacial epoch of cold, unforgiving hostility, with an occasional Etna flare of open warfare. You can't help it, old boy; but, at any rate, you can't say you were not warned."

The first five weeks of the venture falsified Major Dagberry's prediction and justified Reggie's optimism. There were, of course, occasional small bickerings, and the existence of certain jealousies might be detected below the surface of everyday intercourse; but, on the whole, the womenfolk got on remarkably well together. There was, however, a notable exception. It had not taken five weeks for Mrs. Pentherby to get herself cordially disliked by the members of her own sex; five days had been amply sufficient. Most of the women declared that they had detested her the moment they set eyes on her; but that was probably an afterthought.

With the menfolk she got on well enough, without being of the type of woman who can only bask in male society; neither was she lacking in the general qualities which make an individual useful and desirable as a member of a co-operative community. She did not try to "get the better of" her fellow-hosts by snatching little advantages or cleverly evading her just contributions; she was not inclined to be boring or snobbish in the way of personal reminiscence. She played a fair game of bridge, and her card-room manners were irreproachable. But wherever she came in contact with her own sex the light of battle kindled at once; her talent for arousing animosity seemed to border on positive genius.

Whether the object of her attentions was thick-skinned or sensitive, quick-tempered or good-natured, Mrs. Pentherby managed to achieve the same effect. She exposed little weaknesses, she prodded sore places, she snubbed enthusiasms, she was generally right in a matter of argument, or, if wrong, she somehow contrived to make her adversary appear foolish and opinionated. She did, and said, horrible things in a matter-of-fact innocent way, and she did, and said, matter-of-fact innocent things in a horrible way. In short, the unanimous feminine verdict on her was that she was objectionable.

There was no question of taking sides, as the

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Major had anticipated; in fact, dislike of Mrs. Pentherby was almost a bond of union between the other women, and more than one threatening disagreement had been rapidly dissipated by her obvious and malicious attempts to inflame and extend it; and the most irritating thing about her was her successful assumption of unruffled composure at moments when the tempers of her adversaries were with difficulty kept under control. She made her most scathing remarks in the tone of a tube conductor announcing that the next station is Brompton Road—the measured, listless tone of one who knows he is right, but is utterly indifferent to the fact that he proclaims.

On one occasion Mrs. Val Gwepton, who was not blessed with the most reposeful of temperaments, fairly let herself go, and gave Mrs. Pentherby a vivid and truthful *résumé* of her opinion of her. The object of this unpent storm of accumulated animosity waited patiently for a lull, and then remarked quietly to the angry little woman:

"And now, my dear Mrs. Gwepton, let me tell you something that I've been wanting to say for the last two or three minutes, only you wouldn't give me a chance; you've got a hairpin dropping out on the left side. You thin-haired women always find it difficult to keep your hairpins in."

"What can one do with a woman like that?" Mrs. Val demanded afterwards of a sympathising audience.

Of course, Reggie received numerous hints as to the unpopularity of this jarring personality. His sister-in-law openly tackled him on the subject of her many enormities. Reggie listened with the attenuated regret that one bestows on an earthquake disaster in Bolivia or a crop failure in Eastern Turkestan, events which seem so distant that one can almost persuade oneself they haven't happened.

"That woman has got some hold over him," opined his sister-in-law, darkly; "either she is helping him to finance the show, and presumes on the fact, or else, which Heaven forbid, he's got some queer infatuation for her. Men do take the most extraordinary fancies."

Matters never came exactly to a crisis. Mrs. Pentherby, as a source of personal offence, spread herself over so wide an area that no one woman of the party felt impelled to rise up and declare that she absolutely refused to stay another week in the same house with her. What is everybody's tragedy is nobody's tragedy. There was even a certain consolation in comparing notes as to specific acts of offence. Reggie's sister-in-law had the added interest of trying to discover the secret bond which blunted his condemnation of Mrs. Pentherby's long catalogue of misdeeds. There was little to go on from his manner towards her in public, but he remained obstinately unimpressed by anything that was said against her in private.

With the one exception of Mrs. Pentherby's unpopularity, the house-party scheme was a success on its first trial, and there was no difficulty about reconstructing it on the same lines for another winter session. It so happened that most of the women of the party, and two or three of the men, would not be available on this occasion, but Reggie had laid his plans well ahead and booked plenty of "fresh blood" for the new departure. It would be, if anything, rather a larger party than before.

"I'm so sorry I can't join this winter," said Reggie's sister-in-law, "but we must go to our cousins in Ireland; we've put them off so often. What a shame! You'll have none of the same women this time."

"Excepting Mrs. Pentherby," said Reggie, demurely.

"Mrs. Pentherby! *Surely*, Reggie, you're not going to be so idiotic as to have that woman again! She'll set all the women's backs up just as she did this time. What *is* this mysterious hold she's got over you?"

"She's invaluable," said Reggie; "she's my official quarreller."

"Your—what did you say?" gasped his sister-in-law.

"I introduced her into the house-party for the express purpose of concentrating the feuds and quarrelling that would otherwise have broken out in all directions among the womenkind. I didn't need the advice and warning of sundry friends to foresee that we shouldn't get through six months of close companionship without a certain amount of pecking and sparring, so I thought the best thing was to localise and sterilise it in one process. Of course, I made it well worth the lady's while, and as she didn't know any of you from Adam, and you don't even know her real name, she didn't mind getting herself disliked in a useful cause."

"You mean to say she was in the know all the time?"

"Of course she was, and so were one or two of the men, so she was able to have a good laugh with us behind the scenes when she'd done anything particularly outrageous. And she really enjoyed herself. You see, she's in the position of poor relation in a rather pugnacious family, and her life has been largely spent in smoothing over other people's quarrels. You can imagine the welcome relief of being able to go about saying and doing perfectly exasperating things to a whole houseful of women—and all in the cause of peace."

"I think you are the most odious person in the whole world," said Reggie's sister-in-law. Which was not strictly true; more than anybody, more than ever she disliked Mrs. Pentherby. It was impossible to calculate how many quarrels that woman had done her out of.

"SAKI"

TO AUTHORS.

THE BYSTANDER is willing to consider stories belonging to either of the two following classes:—

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The Literary Log

Rolled by Ralph Straus

Jimmy Glover

"It is thought a clever thing," says Mr. James Glover, of Drury Lane, and Bexhill, and a great many other places (some Irish), "to write even a bad book." I daresay he is right. The number of shockingly bad and wholly unnecessary books, mostly written by women, published every year, is appalling. But the Master of Music at Drury Lane Theatre has not added to their number. *Jimmy Glover—His Book* (Methuen : 7s. 6d. net) is as jolly, and humorous, and outspoken a book as you could wish to read, and it is full of the most delightfully unexpected bits of political and literary gossip. For Mr. Glover seems to have combined music with journalism, and between the two has had more than the usual share of adventure. But, then, he started well by being born in Ireland. (Most people seem to be born in Ireland nowadays.) At an early age he was thrashed by a live Cardinal and stood in the dock—both natural stepping-stones to distinction. In Dublin he met the Moores and the Wildes, and in France he interviewed the great Victor Hugo. He settled in London during the old *Pelican* days, met everyone, ran papers, made "scoups," and sat on the steps of the *Times* office on that memorable occasion when the editor, knowing more than his Queen, locked the staff inside—until his paper was able exclusively to announce Lord Randolph's resignation. He called himself a musical director—there was no reason why he shouldn't—and straightway obtained a London engagement. That is the Irish way.

Photograph *W. J. Reed*

MR. "JIMMY" GLOVER (AND A MUSICAL FRIEND)

The famous Conductor at Drury Lane Theatre, who has written his reminiscences. The volume has just been published by Messrs. Methuen, and is reviewed on this page

From Journalism to Music

He went to the Palace when Augustus Harris was at the head of affairs, and accompanied the great Druriolanus to the theatre to which he is still attached. Then follows an intimate account of the private history of Drury Lane Theatre, with anecdotes of Harris himself, and Arthur Collins, and Dan Leno, and most of the other giants of the stage ten and twenty years ago. There is the story of Whistler's historic encounter; there are secrets of those wonderful melodramas which are like nothing else in the world; and the inner histories of "command" performances at Windsor and elsewhere. Mr. Glover played (heavy) father to the inimitable Follies, and had a hand in a good many things with which, I should imagine, the ignorant public has never connected him. "This book of a life's *olla podrida*," Mr. Glover calls it, and so it is. "I have not emphasised the fact that I was musical and dramatic critic for the *Sun* and the *Weekly Sun*," he concludes; "that I acted in a like capacity for the *Evening News*; that the *Daily Mail* has had me on its staff ...,. but, of course, for nineteen years my personality at Drury Lane has been the one thing which has justified my daring to write this book." But Mr. Glover was once Mayor of Bexhill, and one of the best of his stories relates how Sir William Dunn, M.P., announced that Mr. Glover would respond to a toast. "After grace the Sheriff took up my card and read out: 'The Mayor of Bexhill — James Glover, Esq., J.P. Dear, dear—why, you've got the same name as that advertising chap at Drury Lane, who is always getting his name into the papers. It's sickening!" A delightful book.

A Family Chronicle

Mr. Forrest Reid's novel, *The Bracknels* (Arnold : 6s.), is a very clever book, mostly about very unpleasant people. The Bracknels are an Irish family—father, mother, and four children. The father is a rich man, who is perpetually quarrelling, not without some cause, with his children. His life has not been wholly blameless, and a natural son of his is working in his business. His wife is a poor, kindly, faded woman, who is entirely overawed by her husband. Alfred, the elder son, is a cad, who marries a typewriter-girl in his father's office. He hates his father, and discovers his secret, and attempts something verylike blackmail. May, the elder daughter, has

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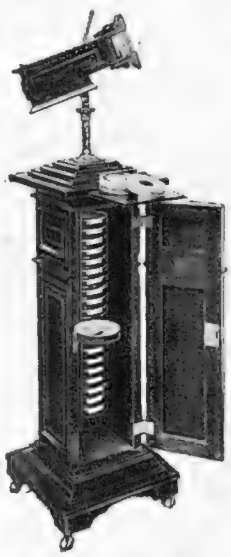

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A house without a Kinora, showing a selection of interesting pictures as well as portraits (and especially the enchanting child-pictures taken at the Kinora studio) lacks the most modern of interests.

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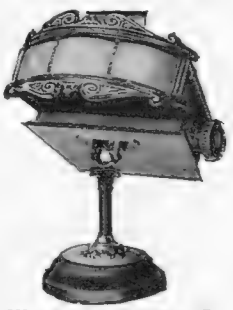
The Kinora Library of interesting Motion Photographs is available for all Kinora users. Sporting, racing, golf, athletic, and animal subjects (many of them taken by amateurs with the all-British Kinora Camera), as well as public events, including the Coronation Procession, can be obtained for **3/6** each, with exchange privilege.

STUDIO MOTION PORTRAITS.

Motion Portraits are now being taken daily, and, with a view to the increasing demand as Christmas approaches, it is advisable that appointments for sittings be made immediately. In order not to disappoint the numerous applicants, we have made arrangements to keep our Studios open each day until midnight.



Kinora Model No 2.
Operated by clockwork. Mahogany: three lenses.
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BOND'S, LIMITED, 138, NEW BOND STREET, LONDON, W.

good points, but Amy, her younger sister, is detestable. Denis, however, stands entirely apart from the others. His family is intolerably vulgar; but Denis is a mystic—a curious, dreamy boy, with a touch of genius about him. He sacrifices to the moon in the old Pagan way, and is misunderstood by everyone, including his tutors. Hubert Rusk, however, arrives from England, and the new tutor in part understands. Denis makes a friend of him, but the tutor's position is rendered difficult by the fact that both the sisters fall in love with him. And then comes a double tragedy. The father dies, and Alfred gloats over the dead body. Rusk is going to take Denis away from Ireland to make him healthier, but he is too late. This ugly, curiously attractive boy, with his weird ideas, has committed suicide. Put thus, the story sounds crude and impossibly melodramatic. In reality it is not. It is an exceedingly clever presentation of character. Every one of the Bracknels stand out perfectly clearly; but the intense realism of some of the scenes seems to clash with the mysticism of the boy. You feel that this is intentional, and wish that Mr. Reid had written two books: one about the Bracknels; another—perhaps in the manner of the author's charming story, *The Garden God*—about Denis and his sacrifices and incantations. The psychology of the thing is good, the writing is excellent. Mr. Forrest Reid is paving the way towards a reputation.

A Pair of Spectacles

A magic pair of spectacles is no new idea, but Mr. Arthur H. Adams, in *A Touch of Fantasy* (The Bodley Head: 6s.), makes good use of it. He calls his book a Romance for Those Who Are Lucky Enough to Wear Glasses. The story is delicately told. Hugh Robjohn, a Sydney Governmental clerk, is writing a great book on Economics. His eyes fail, however, and he purchases some glasses made by a German artisan (who was probably a gnome in disguise—you meet every kind of individual in Sydney), and immediately things happen. The glasses are magical. Hugh sees life where before he had seen precisely nothing at all. He meets a pretty waitress, Nancy, and falls in love. The book on Economics is forgotten. With his glasses off, however, he sees her for what she is, but the glasses must be worn, and—they marry. Nancy, however, has given herself to a hulking wastrel called Bill, and the child that is born is not Hugh's. For a long time she cannot make up her mind to tell him, and when she does he is wearing a new pair of glasses. He is just about to leave her, shocked and wretched, when he realises how devoted she has been, how she is trying to learn his ways, how deeply in love she has been all the time. He takes one last look at her through the magic glasses and smashes them. And he finds that he does not want to leave her at all. RALPH STRAUS

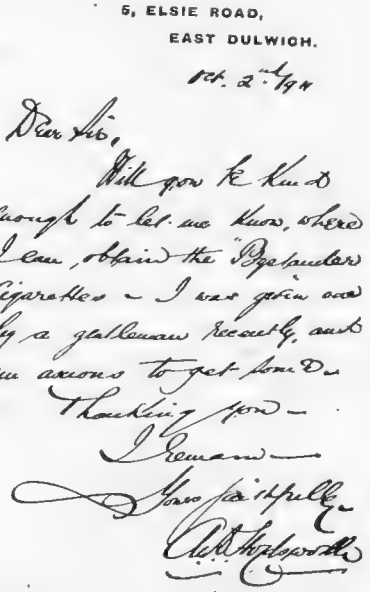
TAKING OUR NAME IN VAIN

THE MYSTERY OF "THE BYSTANDER" CIGARETTE

ONE of the penalties of popularity is the danger that your name may be taken in vain. Evidently that of THE BYSTANDER is at the moment going through this process. For some weeks previously we have from time to time received mysterious letters from various parts of the country, one of which we reproduce in the next column.

It will be seen that our correspondent asks us for information concerning a so-called BYSTANDER cigarette. Had this letter been the only one of the kind to reach us, we should have concluded that the writer was under a delusion, and have politely hinted at the fact, but as a large number of letters couched in a similar strain have reached us, we can only conclude that there is, somewhere about, a cigarette bearing, or purporting to bear, the name of this journal. We have made inquiries of various tobacconists, but are *not able to find that any cigarette of this name is on sale.*

Naturally, our inquiries have only covered a limited field, and we take this opportunity of inviting any of our readers who may have come across the cigarette in question to inform us exactly under what circumstances they obtained it. We also invite the tobacconists among our subscribers to give us any information they may have as to whether such a cigarette is actually in


5, ELSIE ROAD,
EAST DULWICH.
Oct. 2nd 1911

Dear Sirs,

Will you be kind enough to let me know, where I can obtain the "Bystander" Cigarettes — I was given one by a gentleman recently, and am anxious to get some.

Thanking you —

I remain —

Yours faithfully

A. H. Hayward

existence. We wish to make it perfectly clear that we do not in any way *object* to a cigarette bearing the name of THE BYSTANDER being smoked throughout the length and breadth of the universe. It is, however, a matter of some considerable importance to us to know that whatever brand of cigarette bears the name of this paper shall be of a certain standard of excellence. The fact that so many gentlemen have written to us to inquire about the cigarettes is evidence that they have some good qualities, but we are rather connoisseurs of cigarettes in this office, and would like to be able to satisfy ourselves on the point. In conclusion, it is just possible that the distribution of this cigarette may still be going on in various parts of the country. If it should so happen that any of our readers become possessed of one of them, would he forego the pleasure of smoking the same and send it along to us at this office for our consideration? We should like to know not only *how* it smokes, and how it looks, but where it originates—in fact, to know all about it. Then, and then alone, shall we know whether or not to be annoyed with the person or persons, whoever they may be, who have taken our name in vain, and what steps to take with regard to them.

EDMUNDSON'S WILL LIGHTEN YOUR LIGHTING EXPENSES

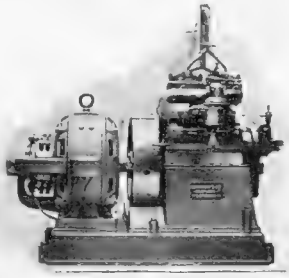
EDMUNDSON'S AUTOMATIC SYSTEMS of Country House Lighting

Not until the introduction of these new systems could it be said that a really efficient *automatic* lighting plant was obtainable. These plants are the outcome of years of patient experimenting. Each plant works without any attention beyond occasional oiling and cleaning. So reliable and effective are they that the cost of working is reduced to the minimum.

AUTOMATIC ELECTRIC LIGHT PLANT

This is suitable for Country Houses, Hotels, Bungalows, Farms, Churches, &c., being quite self-contained and entirely automatic in its working — self-starting, self-regulating, and self-stopping—thus dispensing with the necessity of the constant attention hitherto required in the case of a private plant.

The extremely low running costs under these conditions make electric light the best and most economical form of artificial light, and, in addition, the current can be used for cooking, heating, pumping, and power work generally.

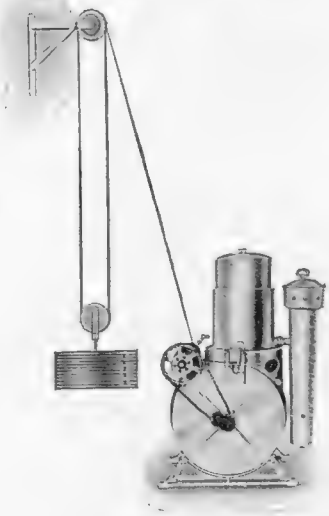


AUTOMATIC PETROL GAS GENERATOR

The New Raydux Light

For those who wish to adopt petrol gas the new Raydux Machine will provide the best method of gas lighting. The shortcomings of previous systems have been entirely obviated, and the Raydux Machine is the most successful and economical one can select. The fact that this machine works on a purely automatic principle is most advantageous, as the only attention it requires is the periodical winding of the driving weight. The gas is generated only as required, and it is not necessary to have a holder to store the gas. The Raydux Machine is exceptionally safe—no risk can possibly attend its use.

Everyone interested should write at once for complete illustrated, descriptive booklet.



Edmundson's Electricity Corporation, Ltd.,
Broad Sanctuary Chambers, Tothill Street, Westminster, S.W.
Telephone No. 14 Westminster.
And at 32, York Street, Dublin.
Telephone No. 2277 Dublin.

A HOCKEY PROBLEM

IT is an unfortunate thing that club and county hockey should be mutually antagonistic. The same state of things exists in Rugby football, and it is difficult to see how it can be avoided; for as long as there is only one Saturday afternoon in the week there is not room to do full justice to both branches of the game. At present, in the South at any rate, Saturday afternoon is regarded as sacred to club hockey, and consequently county fixtures have to be relegated to what is comprehensively termed the middle of the week. The result is that in order to play in a county match a player, if chosen, must be able to take an afternoon, or in some cases a whole day, off some time between Monday and Friday—a liberty which it is only given to the few to enjoy. A further result is that county teams in many, if not in most, cases are not really representative of the full strength of the county; they only represent the best mid-week material available.

The Road to Fame

THIS would not in itself matter so much if county matches were county matches and nothing else. If a county is beaten because it is not at full strength it is the fortune of war; a club is sometimes similarly handicapped, but the game is enjoyed all the same, and, in the true amateur spirit, too much significance is not attached to the result. But county matches serve another purpose. They serve as divisional, and, therefore, prospectively as international, trials; they are the stepping-stones to distinction, and there is no other way by which a man may pass beyond the stream of ordinary, everyday hockey. So it comes about that a man, however good he may be, stands but a poor chance of "recognition" unless he is one of those fortunate individuals to whom a mid-week holiday presents no difficulties. Of course, there are exceptions, but I think it may be taken as a sufficiently general rule that international teams are picked from among divisional players, and that divisional teams are picked from among players who have represented their county. The fact that this method of selection does not necessarily ensure the selection of the best men is not the fault of the authorities. They cannot "follow" every club player in the county; they must necessarily adopt some kind of weeding-out process; and so they have utilised the county trials and matches for this purpose. It is the best course that is open to them, but it is not wholly satisfactory for reasons already given. Is it desirable, then, that any change should on that account be made? Should county matches be given a chance of being more fully representative by being promoted from the middle to the end of the week?

The Backbone of the Game

To this I answer unhesitatingly, "No." The backbone of hockey is club play. "Rugger" men will tell you the same thing. The interests of the many whose aims are necessarily limited to the enjoyment of a rattling good club game on the one afternoon on which they are free must not be made subservient to the interests of the comparative few who cherish international aspirations, even if, in some cases, this entails the nonfulfilment of aspirations which might otherwise have been fulfilled. The interdivisional matches (which, of course, rank higher than the county matches) are played mostly on Saturdays, and there was an outcry last year even against them on the ground that they interfered too much with the continuity of club play. The fact that the justice of this protest has been recognised, and that the authorities are trying to reduce rather than increase the number of "big" matches which are played on Saturdays, shows, in my opinion, that hockey men are determined not to let the "show" business dominate the game to the detriment of the true source of its vitality.

H. S. S.

GOLF FOR ELDERLY LEARNERS

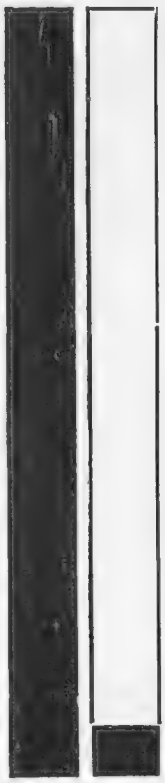
A New Book By One of Them

OF the writing of treatises on golf there seems no end. There has been a truce, as far as the higher lights of the game are concerned. Taylor, Vardon, and Braid have, apparently, exhausted that field in their works. Possibly, too, players are beginning to recognise that no human being ever yet learnt a game out of a book, and that an ounce of practice is worth a pound of theory on paper. The aristocracy of golf having been fully catered for, there remained the middle and lower classes. These three classes are, of course, meant to represent the plus and scratch players, the handicap men, and the large crowd of those who struggle on the outskirts of the game. Some time ago I reviewed a booklet written for the benefit of the six-handicap men by one of their own class, and now I have before me a little treatise entitled *Golf for the Late Beginner* (John Long: 1s.). Mr. Hughes, the author, is stated in the publisher's note to have attained the scratch mark in a comparatively short space of time, having been assisted to reach that desirable haven, I should fancy, by means of the advice and tuition of James Hepburn, that excellent and graceful player whose attitudes in the various strokes of the game are illustrated in the book. Mr. Hughes has been fired with the ambition to analyse, dissect, and demonstrate the various stages by which he has passed through the *via dolorosa* to the Elysian fields of good and steady play. It is extremely difficult for one who is not a late beginner to pass judgment on the author's methods of tuition. I have read the book carefully, and have tried to imagine the sort of player who would be evolved by following its hints. Frankly, I am bound to say that the result would appear inevitably to be a very stiff and laboured player. But, then, this may very possibly be just the right style for a man who begins the game in late middle age. Mr. Hughes, at any rate, has the courage of his opinions, and leaves no part of any stroke, whether with wood or iron, untouched. His aim has been to construct the house in sections which can be easily taken to pieces and put together again. I put in a caveat against the doctrine of the loose right hand in wooden club play. This is an old fallacy. Nearly every beginner starts by grasping his club as though it were a poker. To guard against this the teacher generally insists on the pupil holding loosely with the right hand and tightly with the left. But after the early poker-grabbing danger is past the aim should be to grip the club with an even pressure with both hands. That is the very purpose for which the overlapping grip, which the author recommends, was invented. One other point advocated by the author strikes me as unusual, and, in my opinion, incorrect. In speaking of the action of the legs in the upward and downward swing he advocates a firm left leg for the upward swing and a firm right one for the downward swing. This seems to me the absolute reverse of the correct method. However, it may, as I say, be a method suited to the late beginner. The book is the first attempt of a successful late beginner to help fellow-sufferers over the stony and difficult road which he has travelled, and may be commended to their attention as a conscientious and painstaking endeavour to get the game, that elusive will-o'-the-wisp, on to paper.

ERNEST LEHMANN

Experiments on Human Beings

Independent Investigation on food power of BOVRIL!



In the above diagram the long block represents the body-building power derived from the amount of Bovril represented by the small block.

A Report made at the Annual Meeting of the British Medical Association in Birmingham (July, 1911) revealed some remarkable results of physiological experiments showing the body-building power of Bovril on human beings. They confirmed the striking results of the Feeding Experiments conducted last year on animals, which proved that the body-building power of Bovril was from

10 to 20 times the amount taken.

But these exhaustive experiments have further conclusively demonstrated that

"in the human experiments the increase was even more marked."

The conclusions which particularly interest the public, and which are now incontrovertibly established by these latest tests, are as follow:—

1. **The Remarkable Food Value of Bovril itself.**
2. **The peculiar power of Bovril in enabling the system to extract greater nutriment from ordinary foods.**
3. **That these two properties together give Bovril a body-building power of from 10 to 20 times the amount taken. (See diagram.)**

That is to say, Bovril is not only a great body-builder in itself, but it also enables other foods to feed the body more. This important fact explains the value of Bovril in bringing up the defensive forces of the body to their highest power, and in protecting the system against the dangers of winter.

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S.H.B. 6299

MOTORING BY LAND, SEA AND SKY

Photograph *Sport and General*

THE HUNT AND THE AEROPLANE

S. F. Cody is not taking part in a new pastime, but happened to be flying over Farnborough during a meet of the Aldershot Beagles

Invasion Once More

A RETURN to this matter seems to require apologies. Let the explanation reside in the fact that in places where motoring experts do most congregate the question is again under warm discussion. The question relates to the much-debated American invasion of the British market and matters connected therewith. Responsible authority is asserting that the invasion will happen in 1913. Responsible authority is several years late. The invasion commenced long ago. It is proceeding at a great pace to-day. It may be at full-flood by 1913—but that is prophecy. We need not travel beyond accomplished things for our argument.

The Eternal Precedent

The view of responsible authority is a much-respected thing, but a little confusing. Not long ago it pished at the prospect of the American vehicle ever mattering. It produced the American bicycle in evidence, supremely indifferent to the fact that the American bicycle argument had as much to do with the case as the flowers that bloom in the spring. The American car, it airily asserted, was not suited to British conditions. It was a string and hoop-iron contraption and foredamned. The culture of the British motorist would not tolerate it. Just as the American bicycle went rustily to the scrap-heap, so the American car would go.

The Ineffable American

But the American car refused to go. It was splendidly indifferent to the precedent of the bicycle. It ran smooth shod over the "not suited to British conditions" argument. It demonstrated that it was not necessarily worse for the fact that it was constructed for rough and rude roads. Moreover, it had the effrontery to challenge the accepted idea that strength was inseparable from weight. It gave concrete expression to several novel engineering notions in relation to the automobile. And, which was the unkindest cut of all, the British motorist commenced to buy, and kept up the pernicious practice.

The Insufficiency of Patriotism

Responsible authority began to hedge. It fluctuated between implied reproach of the British motorist for lack of patriotism, and the expressed belief that, in any case, it was of little consequence because the British manufacturer was very busy. It argued that persons who bought American cars were they who had to choose between an ultra-cheap car or nothing. They were not the motoring elect, nor of the cultured class. They had to take the devil of an American car or the deep sea of nothingness. Let them take their devil and get out what fun was in him. And so on. All of which merely covered, and that hardly, a state of mental bankruptcy. The patriotic plaint was piffle. The indifference to a new market pathetic. The American car continued to arrive, and the unpatriotic motorist continued to buy.

The European "Enemy"

Suddenly responsible authority conceived this to be an American invasion of parts. It beat the Protection drum. It advanced through wild and whirling words to the conclusion that something would have to be done. The American car was *the* enemy. It was, apparently, the only enemy that mattered. Yet the British market was much more occupied with the Continental (European) car than with the American, and is to-day. Price for price, and even where we have price advantage, the Continental car manages to maintain its position on our market. We have, as a matter of

THE BEST CAR IN THE WORLD.

OFFICIAL PROOF.

Royal Automobile Club Certificate. A standard 40-50 H.P. 6-cylinder Rolls-Royce travelled:—

794 miles on the road, on a petrol consumption of **24·32 MILES PER GALLON** (57·07 ton miles per gallon).

794 miles (London to Edinburgh and back) **ON TOP GEAR.**

78·26 MILES PER HOUR on Brooklands track.

The Rolls-Royce Car thus easily beats the 65 H.P. 6-cylinder Car (of another make) which was awarded the Dewar Trophy for 1910 for making the same journey on a petrol consumption of 19·35 miles per gallon, afterwards attaining a speed of 76·04 miles per hour at Brooklands, in spite of the fact that the Rolls-Royce had 24 per cent. more wind area, 6·67 per cent. more weight, and an engine 23¼ per cent. smaller.

PRESS TESTIMONY.

"It is an undoubted fact that **CLASS TELLS** in the case of the car as in most other things, and in the result of this Rolls-Royce test is to be found confirmation of the universal opinion that this car is ***facile princeps*** in the world of automobilism."—*Pall Mall Gazette*, Sept. 21st, 1911.

PRIVATE OWNER'S OPINION.

"I consider them **THE BEST CARS MADE.**"

Original letter may be seen. Ref. No. 71.

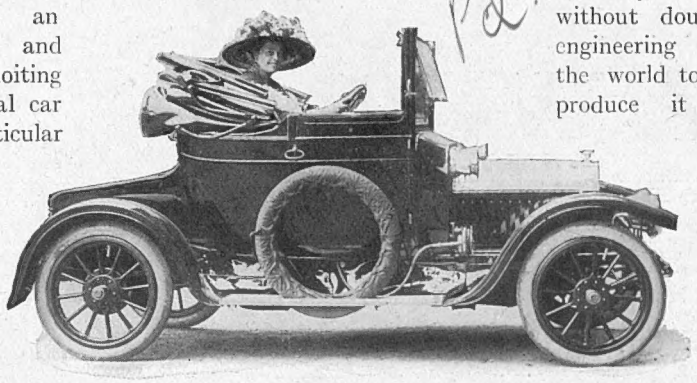
THE SIX-CYLINDER

ROLLS-ROYCE

ROLLS-ROYCE, LIMITED, 14 & 15, Conduit Street, London, W.

Telegrams: "Rolhead, London." Telephones: Gerrard 1654, 1655, and 1656.

fact, less cause for violent perturbation regarding the American car than the Continental car. The American car has got to win upon price. It has, in brief, to cater for a new class of motorist—not a class lacking in culture, nor happy in the entertainment of devils; but a class whose purchasing power is lower than the price at which the cheapest four-cylinder car of British make is purchasable. We are hardly touching that class yet. It is an American discovery; and the American is exploiting it. But the Continental car enters our own particular street, wins among our own price people, while authority tries to discover what to do about the American invasion. It should spare a little consideration for the Continental invasion.



FOR ARCADIANS

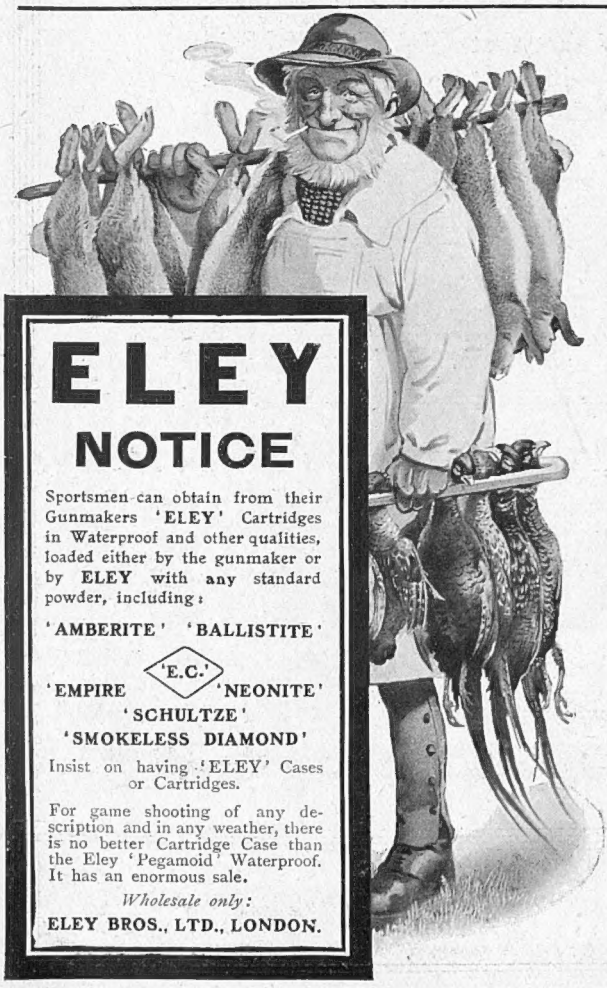
As well as for those who may never enter that delectable land, but who would like to get as near as may be, the Bedford Company has designed the "Arcadian" cabriolet, which, fitted to the new Bedford chassis, makes a most attractive motoring proposition for the new year

Can We Compete?

Well, what *are* we to do about it? Protection? And why Protection if we are fully occupied, despite foreign competition—as we certainly are? And if it were otherwise, what of the consumer? But the fiscal argument will have to be elaborated another time for lack of space now. The point I want to come to (because I am incontinently dropping "responsible authority" as a somewhat baffle-headed stodge) is that, however busy we may be, we shall presently badly want the business the Americans are doing. Can we get it? Can we produce the same value at the same price? Under present conditions of production we cannot. We have the brains, and the skill, and the material; we could find the money and the organisation; we could possibly produce an infinitely better machine, for without doubt British automobile engineering is in the van of the world to-day. But we cannot produce it at the price. We cannot turn out a machine as good as the American machine at the price. And we cannot do it because we haven't a market large enough under the present competitive methods of manufacture. Only a huge, and, to us, unthinkable, output enables the American manufacturer to sell his car at such a low price.

Towards Co-operation

Now. Are any conditions conceivable under which the British manufacturer could produce equal value at a competitive price? I believe there are, and I am taking into consideration the fact that



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NOTICE

Sportsmen can obtain from their Gunmakers 'ELEY' Cartridges in Waterproof and other qualities, loaded either by the gunmaker or by ELEY with any standard powder, including:

'AMBERITE' 'BALLISTITE'
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For game shooting of any description and in any weather, there is no better Cartridge Case than the Eley 'Pegamoid' Waterproof. It has an enormous sale.

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THE KING.

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Illustrated Catalogue of present styles on application.
Selection of Hats forwarded post free.

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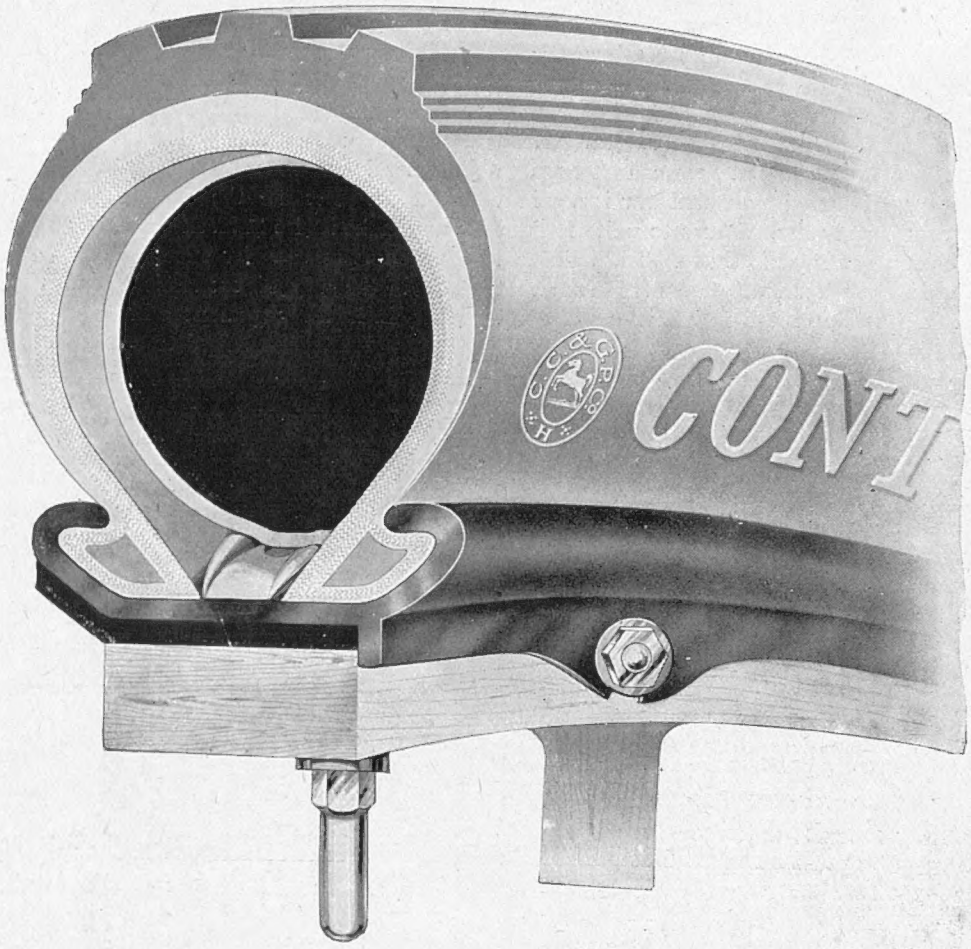
"Continental"



New Detachable Rim (Model 1912)

COMBINES

SECURITY.

The conically finished detachable rim sits firmly on the wheel. The absence of wedges prevents all possibility of the rim working loose when the car is running.

SIMPLICITY.

Unscrew 5 nuts by means of a brace, and slide rim from the wheel.

SOLIDITY.

Only the finest materials and workmanship are used in its construction. Each rim is thoroughly tested before leaving our factory.

Do not fail to inspect this rim at

OLYMPIA MOTOR SHOW, Stand 299

Or at

THE CONTINENTAL TYRE AND RUBBER CO. (Great Britain), LTD.,
Thurloe Place, South Kensington, S.W.

Telephone: 4340 Kensington (8 lines). Telegrams: "Pneumique, London."

there is still a good price margin for the American manufacturer to play with. I believe the British and Colonial small car market is quite large enough for the purpose. But if it be true that price is intimately related to volume of output (other things being equal), then there is only the co-operative way. Conceive a federated motor industry, each section concentrating upon the production of one model, and there is no reason why the section responsible for the car in competition with the American vehicle should not be able to produce one of equal value at an equal price. But while there is the waste of small production, the cost of machinery to manufacture several models in the one works, the division and sub-division of interest and energy, and finally the necessity to fight not only the American invader, but also the several British competitors in the same market, we cannot hope to win. A country consumed by a civil war is not in a fit state to repel an invader. It has to unite to fight against the common enemy effectively. This industrial struggle between British manufacturers for the market is civil war. Co-operation is the only ultimate way out.

A Plea for Consideration

The idea may be Utopian. But the map of the world that does not include Utopia is no map at all. The idea may smack of the combine, but sooner or later co-operation in one form or another is the inevitable outcome of free competition. Witness that other form of transport, the railway. At present it is agreed that there is no need to worry, for the reason that the industry is doing excellently well. So that mine is very much a voice crying in the wilderness. But presently (I hope it may be a long time) the necessity for serious action may arise. Is there any reason why the Society already in existence should not take those initial steps which are imperative before anything can be done at all? To-day discussion may proceed quietly and orderly. This is a plea that it may proceed—now!

The Motor-'Bus as a Leader

One word, although belated, of congratulatory reference to the latest type of that proletarian automobile, the motor-omnibus. In its best form it is an enormous improvement upon any of its progenitors. Light (for so heavy a vehicle!), swift, notably silent and efficient, it makes a splendid testimony to the organisation which the London General Omnibus Company have built up to produce it. Because the Company make it themselves, and make it also at an astonishingly low figure. When we come to consider once again what we really can do in the way of economical production in quantity the L.G.O.C. argument will be very useful. The police will have no need to complain of the sloth of a General omnibus. If they want speed it is nicely available. In the City recently, late enough to account for a clear road, my taxi-cab was quite busily engaged in holding its own against the powers of acceleration possessed by the full 'bus in front, and on the score of silence I fancy the 'bus beat us. Certainly it was quieter in changing speed; but, then, it has the chain-driven gear and final worm-drive, and these things make a difference. How does an omnibus company as a leader in automobile engineering strike you?